Moss Agates

By W. P. Carroll

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. PS1260 Copyright No.

Shelf. C6M6

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

MOSS AGATES.

—o—

TO MY COMRADES
OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC
AND TO MY BROTHER MEMBERS OF
THE WYOMING BAR THIS LITTLE
VOLUME OF POEMS IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

Wesley Philemon Carroll.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT
JUL 22 1890
WASHINGTON.

1890.
DAILY SUN BOOK AND JOB ROOMS,
CHEYENNE, WYO.

PS 1260
.C6M6

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1890, by
WESLEY PHILEMON CARROLL,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.

WESLEY PHILEMON CARROLL.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

Engraving—The Author..... 5
Preface..... 13
Crossing The Prairie..... 15
Little Ida..... 16
Engraving (Little Ida)..... 17
A Future Roll Call..... 20
Ellen Searle Carter..... 28
Engraving (Ellen Searle Carter)..... 29
Death of George H. Sawyer..... 33
The Stone at The Corner..... 36
To The Pennsylvanians..... 38
Follow Me..... 41
The Carnival Carol..... 43
The Girl Guards..... 59
Little Eva..... 63
Mansfield's Last Ride..... 65
Hand In Hand..... 70

The Angel Who Came, Etc..... 72
Clasp Hands Alike With Blue and Gray..... 76
The Union Pacific..... 79
The B. & M..... 81
Little Walt..... 82
Not a Final Adjournment..... 84
Boys, Don't Call Me a Cripple To-Night..... 88
We Welcome You..... 92
The Few For The Many..... 98
Almost At The Top..... 102
The Hoodlum's Saturday Night..... 107
Where Is My Wandering Girl, Etc..... 109
Around The Camp Fire..... 112
The Twin Sisters..... 113
Dead Heroes..... 118
Midnight in The Voiceless City..... 121
The Corner Stone..... 126
Our Little Frankie..... 127
Gathering Flowers..... 130
Patriot Soldiers..... 133
Beyond The Twilight..... 137
The Old Pipe..... 139
The Old Commander..... 144
The Old Church..... 147
Newark Street..... 153
The Great Spirit's Face is Dark..... 155

Little Mac..... 156
The Dear Old Cradle..... 157
The Contingent Fund..... 163
In The Soup..... 167
Emancipation Day..... 168
Goodbye, Old Town..... 170
Come To The Bal Masque..... 171
A Hymn..... 175
Not Gone Forever..... 177
The Old American House..... 180
The Retrospect..... 186
Coming Home From School..... 191
The Cheyenne & Northern R. R..... 195
Bethlehem's Martyr..... 197
Mamma Was Tired and Went to Sleep..... 200
The Round-Up Foreman..... 204
Helen C. Knight..... 207
Moshier's Lament..... 209
To a Young Lady..... 214
Bunny..... 216
Cherokee Bob's Battle..... 218
Little Ray..... 220
Miss Wyoming To Uncle Sam..... 222
Uncle Johnnie..... 226
Isle Seventeen..... 227
Memories of the Past..... 229

Nellie At The Gate..... 232
Grover and Frances..... 234
Marion Gray..... 240
The Children..... 243
The Cheyenne *Sun*..... 244
Baby Towse..... 245
Two Little Boys..... 246
Custer and The Three Hundred..... 247
A New Year's Vision..... 252

PREFACE.

The author of this little volume of poems has only to say regarding them that they contain "more truth than poetry." Not professing to be a poet, he has nevertheless from time to time hastily composed the productions contained in this book; but this has been a mere incidental matter with him. Very many of the poems herein contained have been prepared by request and for some particular occasion. Others were composed impromptu, and in this category are "The Old Pipe;" "Goodbye, Old Town;" "Don't Call Me a Cripple," "A New Year's Vision," Etc., Etc. Several of these poems were written at a time when the author was so nearly blind that he was unable to read his own manuscript, and the result has been that their construction is unsatisfactory even to the author himself.

Quite a number of poems heretofore published have necessarily been ommitted, the author finding when too

late that space was too limited to contain them. Of these there are some obituary poems—one of which relates to a member of the author's own family, now dead and gone.

The poems are not arranged in the order in which they were written, some of the first being among the last in the book and *vice versa*.

No attempt is made in these productions at anything profound or witty, and nothing in the way of blank verse even has found a place in this book—simple in language and construction, yet all based upon something tangible, these poems are given to the public with hesitation and diffidence by

THE AUTHOR.

ACROSS THE PRAIRIE.

ACROSS the prairie, years ago
Through the sloughs and over the snow
Side by side and friends for a day,
Two were journeying on the way.

Across the prairie still they go
Through the sloughs and over the snow;
One to the east—to the west the other—
Over the prairie of life forever.

Across the prairie—'tis a journey long—
Sorrow e'er mingled with mirth and song,
Where "hopes and fears alternate blend—"
Life the journey and death the end.

LITTLE IDA.

[Ida Riner.]

A QUERY.

LITTLE one sweet, from whence did you come?
Tell me truly now, where is your home?
Here on the earth, or is it afar,
Way up in yon sky where the cherubs are?

Are you from a home where nymyhs of light
E'er dwell and sing with the angels bright?
How could they spare you, sweet little one—
Are they not lonesome while you are gone?

Where is your papa, and mamma, too?
Are they up there—do they live with you?
Pray, sweet one, tell me whence did you come—
Tell me truly, now, where is your home?
Here on the earth, or away up there
Beyond the sky, with the angels fair?

LITTLE IDA (IDA RINER.)

LITTLE IDA'S ANSWER.

I tum 'ite from home, and my mamma
Is dest as dood as the angels are.
They is her sisters—I dess I *know*.
Dod's my mamma's *papa*—she told me so.

And *my* papa is the bestest man—
I love him dest as hard as I can.
He'd hate you awfully if he knew
What you said to me, I dest tell *you*.

Where my home is it is dest as sweet
As where most all of the angels meet—
My home where papa and mamma is livin',
I dess—well, I dess 'tis a *part* of Heaven.

A FUTURE ROLL CALL.

[Read Decoration Day, 1887.]

THERE is a life that men may live,
Which to posterity shall give
An heritage of priceless worth,
More noble than a royal birth.
There is a death which men may die,
When loud rings Freedom's battle cry;
Where unseen hands write "Honer, fame,
To these are due," above each name.

Men have not lived nor died in vain
Who at their country's call awoke,
And marched to fall on crimson plain;
Whose souls went up through battle smoke
When Liberty imperiled stood
With thearful eye, where heroes fell
To save her, pouring out their blood
In war and death's dread carnival.

Ere this a monument has been
Dedicated by you, to men
Who bravely fought, and periled life
In that long, fratricidal strife.
They died, and on yon hill repose,
Unmindful now of friends and foes.
And may that monument of stone
E'er rise, through the long interlude,
From now till time shall totter on
The staffs of gray discrepitude.

But monuments we build in air,
In honor of our heroes dead,
May crumble, and no vestige there
Be left around, or overhead,
To mark the spot "where sleep the brave,"
Who perished for a nation's life;
Who all that men can *give*, they gave
On red, historic fields of strife.

What tribute *can* a nation give
To those who for their country die?
Though gone, still in the heart they live,
While years, and decades swift roll by.
This record none can e'er efface;
Nor shall the flight of time corrode

The monuments which men may place
In memory o'er their last abode.

As comrades of those who are must'ring o'er,
'Neath the palm tree shade on the twilight shore,
Who, reaching the outposts, one by one,
True countersigns gave to the picket wan—
And I think now I hear it—their echoless tramp,
As they cross o'er the bridge to the mystery camp.
We have gathered tonight, though a broken band
Of veterans, who fought to preserve the land,
In spirit to pause by each little mound,
Where the dust of a comrade lies 'neath the ground.

Pansies, from natnre's ample breast,
We scatter where the heroes rest;
Emblems of an unchanging love,
Which, born on earth, reaches above.
Their mem'ries we perpetuate,
And lay this tribute at their shrine
Each year, 'til Father Time shall date
Our muster on the mystic line.

Where Johnson sleeps we listless stand;
Pause by the side of Van De Sande.
From Poulton's mound we silent draw
'Round Bryant's grave, by Ollerenshaw;

Where Lynot, Fritz and Ryan lay,
Creegan and Roberts, until day
Shall dawn, and where Russell, Leffler,
Smith and Whipple sleep, and Taylor,
And all the rest; we strew each grave
With flowers for the slumb'ring brave.

Sometimes futurity's thin veil
  Is lifted, like the ocean mists
When on its bosom sweeps the gale,
  And men behold what ne'er exists.
So we to-night may look beyond—
  E'en list to roll calls yet uncalled;
And countermarch upon the ground
  Where souls from dust are disenthralled,
And naught but ashes, lowly laid,
  Rest 'neath the soil whereon we tread.

The fleeting years speed fast away;
Yet on each Decoration Day
I see you marching, stern and slow;
Out there upon the hill you go
In silence and with measured tread,
To pay this tribute to the dead.

How fast they fly! And now a score
Of years have passed, yet on the shore

Of time, here lingering, you stand.
I see you there, a little band
Of gray-haired men, fast growing old—
For waves of time have o'er you rolled—
Responding there to the roll call;
But *no*—some answer, yet not all.

Two score, at length, of fleeting years
Have come and gone 'mid smiles and tears.
A feeble band. I see you now,
With furrowed cheek and wrinkled brow;
Though steps uncertain, still you tramp
Up to that silent, voiceless camp.
Roll call again; but heard are few
Responses now from men in blue.

Three score years—but not the ten
Roll by; and on that hill shall then
A lone, old man be seen to stand—
With whitened locks, and staff in hand.
Through winter's storm and summer's heat,
A century wave rolls at his feet.
He peers, while tottering o'er the ground,
At the headstone by ev'ry mound.
He speaks: "Yes, yes; I knew him well.
With faltering voice, "and when those shell

Came thick and fast on Shiloh's field,
He swore we not an inch must yield
If we died there. But who is this
I see? 'Twas in the Wilderness
This one fought bravely by my side.
'Tis thirty years now since *he* died."

Yes, three score years, but not the ten,
Shall one by one roll by; and then
Will called and caller both be one,
With life's long march so nearly done;
While glistens in his eye a tear,
That lone old man will answer "here."
All else shall but *his* voice be still
At that last roll call on the hill.

But here I pause—there's something yet—
Born of the sword and bayonet,
For Freedom, adamantine throned,
Each error of the past atoned,
Sits on a rock-ribbed mountain height,
And 'tis of *this* I speak to-night.
That, while time toward the future runs,
The valor of Columbia's sons—
These of the North, those of the South—
Who fell when belched the cannons mouth

With furnace flame, and shot and shell
Which shrieked and moaned as heroes fell,
By us forgotten ne'er shall be
Through time, nor in eternity.

What, though the cause of one was right,
The other wrong—yet in the light
Our foeman had they thought 'twas good,
And for it freely shed their blood.

'Tis over now. Brothers again.
In North and South patriot men
Clasp hands above the silent dead,
On fields wherein their blood was shed;
And up beyond the vision's sweep,
Where death's pale reaper ne'er shall reap,
Where flowers blush in immortal bloom,
On fields where contests never come;
There, side by side, they march to-day,
True heroes, robed in blue and gray.
These of the North, those of the South,
Who perished at the cannon's mouth
When dawning the *true* natal morn,
Freedom, thrice purified, was born.

Yes, blue and gray, these still in life
With those who fell in battle strife,

Have not in Liberty's domain
For or against it fought in vain.
And may the valor of the blue
And gray, e'er be to me and you
One stanza in our freedom song,
Which sung shall keep the Union strong.

And to-night on the shore by the mystery ever-
glade,
Where the shadowy legions are forming in line,
And the wan guidon rides on the flank of the cav-
alcade,
They are waving a signal—a mystical sign,
And like that which spoke downward from Ken-
saw's gray summit
To Corse when he fought the encircling host,
It bids us in all the life storms which we buffet,
Be steadfast in purpose and true to each trust.

Yes, there's a life that men may live,
Which to posterity shall give
An heritage of priceless worth—
More noble than a royal birth.
And there's a death which men may die,
When sounds their country's battle cry,
Where unseen hands write "Honor, fame,
To these are due," above each name.

ELLEN SEARLE CARTER.

[The lady whose name appears above, and whose portrait is here given, died more than twenty years ago, at Augusta, Wisconsin. Her life was a most beautiful one, and when the author visited Augusta shortly after her death, he discovered that a sentiment akin to reverence was prevalent among the people regarding her. Even old lumbermen, with tears in their eyes, declared that no person equal in purity of life, character and example to Ellen Searle had ever lived in the State of Wisconsin. Less than a year prior to her death she was married to Ira Carter, Esq., (now of Nevada). Her daughter, who was but a few days old when her mother died, (Mrs. S. Pognette, nee Miss Edith V. Carter), resides but a short distance from Augusta, as does also her half sister, Miss Nellie Carter, for the husband of Ellen Searle married a second time, and his second wife dying also he went to the Pacific coast years ago and has never since been back to his old home.]

I SAW thee not, yet of thy life I heard,
And unto mine some potent thoughts it gave

ELLEN SEARLE CARTER.

Which have e'er since my heart and bosom stirred,
And they shall linger with me 'till I reach the grave.

Thou wast a bride, and then the bride of death;
That life, which had such power to move the heart,
Went out; and at its last expiring breath
Another came, of thine to be the counterpart.

By fair Augusta's peaceful Sylvan shade,
Where e'en Beauty's Goddess might forever dwell,
Thy grave, thy final earthly home was made,
And on that mound so sacred tears unnumbered fell.

Well might they weep, all that knew or heard of thee—
Thy life to them was e'er a guiding star.
E'en paled before thy presence in eternity
Were angel lives which met thee at the "gates ajar."

And like Him who died in Calv'ry's holy strife,
Thy work while here was done in peace and love;

And the sweet, pathetic beauty of thy life
Whispers to us of higher, better things above.

Sleep! Sleep on! by fair Augusta's fields of green;
Nor shall these earthly cares thy slumber break.
Thou canst not sleep forever all unseen—
The morn will come when thou once more to us shall wake.

DEATH OF GEO. H. SAWYER.

Geo .H. Sawyer, a young man well and favorably known here in Cheyenne, died recently in Seattle, W. T., being at the time of his death business manager of one of the papers published in that city. While here deceased became acquainted with Miss Eva B. Morrow, a most estimable lady and devoted Christian, and knowing that she was at Whatcom, 100 miles north of Seattle, he, in his brief illness, kept calling for her to come. His friends wrote to her and she answered by telegraph that she would come, but on the way down the bay that night the steamer on which Miss Morrow was a passenger ran upon a sandbar and was detained several hours. When she reached Seattle the next day young Sawyer was dead. Deceased has a mother and sister in the east. The following lines were dedicated to the members of the Seattle Typographical Union, who cared for him during his last illness.

"I AM COMING."

O'ER fair Seattle the night hung low,
And the glimmering lights on the street were dim
While a stranger lay dying, and to and fro
By his bedside stalked the harvester grim.

He had drifted afar from the homestead old;
A wanderer out in a stranger land,
No mother could come e'er the heart grew cold
And no sister could clasp that thin, white hand.

But there was one who might take their place;
He had called her name and they bade her come
For in days that were passed, to the Throne of Grace
This one had guided the wanderer home.
'Twas a brief dispatch: "I am coming," it read,
'Twas received as the sun sank into the west.
"I will come on the first south boat," she said,
And the words brought comfort and peace and rest.
But stranded that night the steamer lay
Where breakers were heard by the leeward shore,
On the sandbars up in the Whatcom Bay,
That baffle the skill and the pilots lore,
And the looked for angel of peace and light,
So fain to haste to the stranger's side,
Her vigil kept through the sleepless night,
Till the boat swung loose with the rising tide.
'Twas a voyage in vain, for the reaper pale

His victim claimed e'er the boat came in,
And his spirit had entered the twilight vale
Emancipated from pain and sin;
And she who came on the mission of peace
Could only for him shed the silent tear,
Not alone for the soul that had found release,
But for absent ones whom his heart held dear.
There 's a home far off on the mystic lea,
Where mother and sister and friend shall meet
With him who has sailed o'er the tideless sea,
And is waiting to-day, their coming to greet;
And no bark this side ever stranded lay,
Nor are breakers e'er heard by the leeward shore,
And the pilot that sails in the Whatcom Bay
Here never would need his skill and lore.

THE STONE AT THE CORNER.

[New Episcopal Church, Cheyenne.]

MEN cannot build enduring blocks
That shall withstand the cyclone shocks
Of time, as they relentlessly beat
Against their walls and 'round their feet.
Though century vigils they may keep
While generations smile and weep,
Yet an unseen corroding breath
E'en unto these shall whisper, death.

What are the grandest works of men,
Which, in the ages past, have been
Reared 'neath the vault of Heaven's blue arch,
And thickly dot the centuries' march.
They e'er have been, and still shall be
Those temples, where God's people see
The Heavenward way, where oft they raise
The voice in chants of sacred praise.

This stone, in part, shall testify
That this proud structure, builded high
Here on this sacred virgin sod
Shall dedicated be to God.
Here wisdom's words shall oft be spoke,
And oft the "bread of life" be broke;
Semi-angelic voices sing
The glories of the prince and king;
And mourners here shall bow the head
In sorrow, for their cherished dead;
While bride and groom here, hand in hand,
Shall by its chancel window stand.

Roll, decades, roll in ceaseless train,
While centuries come and go again,
But cast not down, as mouldering dust,
This temple we to you entrust.
May it withstand the storms and wind
Which from the clouds of Heaven decend,
'Til time from age walks slow the way,
Its ample locks grown thin and gray.

TO THE PENNSYLVANIANS.

[At the Cheyenne Opera House, July 1886.]

WE welcome you here at the mountains' gate,
And extend unto each the fraternal hand,
Fair daughters, brave sons of the Keystone state
As westward you speed to the golden strand.
Though away out here on this alkali plain
And have gathered from every clime and shore,
We with you in spirit recall again
Proud records, that live forever more.

And we think of the men who marched in the van,
From the land where the glistening Schuylkill flows,
Heroes and patriots, every man
Who, at the first call, to arms arose;
And our hearts still throb with emotion strong
For your noble women and men of God,
For no Union soldier, in four years long,
Ever hungry tramped south from the Keystone sod.

Pennsylvania men upon every field
Freely shed their blood for this country's life,
And stood round its altar a living shield,
Ne'er faltering once in the gloomy strife;
And her gallant sons, Beaver, Hartranft, Ord,
And others who march in the van to-day,
Each wielded and won with a chivalric sword,
When patriots in blue battled foes in gray.

And when the red tide of rebellion crept
Clear up through the vales to the border slopes,
As fierce against Gettysburg's heights it swept,
'Twas broken, and shattered were all its hopes—
Pennsylvania stood there like a granite wall,
With her heroes immortal, Reynolds, Hancock,
Meade,
And "United we stand, divided we fall,"
Was the watchword, battle-cry, motto and creed.

But where are they now, those heroes immortal?
Brave Meade, and Reynolds and Hancock true,
Who e'er through the smoke and strife of battle
Would lead and not follow "the boys in blue"
They ride down the line of a phantom legion
Far over the surf, on a shadowless lea,
And pitched are their tents in that mystery region
At the wan hero camp of eternity.

Yes, we welcome you here at the mountains' gate
And extend unto each the fraternal hand,
Fair daughters, brave sons of the Keystone state,
As westward you speed to the golden strand;
May heroic deeds of the trodden past
E'er inspire when the simoon of warefare blows
And may liberty's spirit forever cling fast
To that land where the old Susquehanna flows.

FOLLOW ME.

[The following verses were written by request on the death of Mrs. Cynthia Franklin, mother of Mrs. W. W. Corlett, and are respectfully inscribed to her and other children of the deceased, now residents of Kansas. The deceased lady was an exemplary Christian all her life time, and was well known to many in Cheyenne, where she spent much of her time with her daughter.]

UNDER the sod she's calmly sleeping,
Earthly cares and sorrows o'er;
"Beyond the smiling and the weeping,"
Here upon the drift-wood shore.

Ne'er again, as when in childhood,
Will be heard her kindly voice,
Calling where you gladly followed.
Yet weep not, but e'er rejoice.

Though gone, there'll be a joyous meeting
Where life's river laves the land,
When you meet and at the greeting
Clasp again her cherished hand.

For to-day up in a mansion,
Just inside the jasper gates—
Just inside, that you her vision
May sooner greet, a mother waits.

Softly when the zephyr whispers,
Seems a voice to come again—
Yes, 't is her's—a sainted mother's;
May your hear it, not in vain.

I have passed through death's dark portal
To the realms of mystery;
I have found a life immortal,
Oh! my children, follow me.

THE CARNIVAL CAROL.

[Read at the Great Presbyterian Carnival, in October, 1889.]

THE stoney way, the stoney way,
Covertly follow day by day,
You'd fail to find if you should try
A better place to groceries buy.
Stone & Covert.

Have you heard of that fellow Kirkland?
More skillful than any out West;
And the pictures you get at his photograph stand,
Are always the cheapest and best.

There is a place than all more Fair,
Fred Clary and "Our Kel" are there,
With Charley Rohm and Johnny true,
And pretty Miss McGregor too;
Here everything heart could desire
Is kept, and prices please the buyer.

Doug and Dick, Doug and Dick,
The hardest pair in town to lick,
Or beat in the drugs they sell.
If your are sick, if you are sick,
Call on them quick, this Doug and Dick,
Buy their drugs and you 'll get well.

Ev'ry stranger who comes to town inquires
For the dry goods house of William Myers,
For there is no place in the border land,
Where such elegant goods are kept on hand.

Me keepee all kinds fine things for sellee,
Me never get dlunk and whoopee up hellee,
But I likee get heepee good thing, If I can,
And makee asignee like Melican man.

Lok Don.

I'd like to be an angel, but don't think I am able,
For my wings have scarcely yet begun to sprout,
But, brothers, let me tell you, I've the finest livery stable,
In the town, if you but hear my gentle shout.

J. C. Abney.

Where the clematis climbs on the window pane,
And the woodbines grow by the garden wall,
You may look and ponder, yet look in vain,
No flower will you miss for I grow them all.
Mrs Chaffin.

Vendome, Vendome, the boarders' home,
If you want something wholesome to eat,
Just hie you there, and sample the fare,
You will find it on Eighteenth street.

If you want the best of painting, or some paper for the wall,
Hunt up McCormick straightaway—give him a friendly call;
He can do all kinds of painting, but there's one thing should be said,
McCormick never yet was known to paint the precinct red.

Come, give us a call, give us a call,
Come stout and short, come lean and tall,
Our hardware stock is the finest and best
To be found out here in the growing West.
Wyoming Hardware Co.

Feed and provisions, coffee and tea,
And the best in the grecery line.

This is our motto, so just come and see,
For we've got the "biz" down pretty fine.
Bryant & Bonfils.

Jeweller Brown, Jeweller Brown,
As handsome a man as there is in the town,
And if you want jewels and want the best,
Call and see him—he'll tell you the rest.

Alexander McGregor meanders in,
And the hair on the top of his head is thin,
And had he but married some woman I know,
What little there's left would very soon go;
But he merely came in for a moment to say
That the pioneer grocery house will stay.

We will speak of one now, but we do not lament
That he of the council is president,
He will sell you pure drugs—not claiming that pills,
Will e'en round the corner, cure all sorts of ills.
W N. Hunt.

"From grocerie to grocerie,"
In former days was all the cry,
But now people ask for but one,
Kept by two brothers, named Johnston.

Though this old firm is Underwood,
Yet be it surely understood,
Their goods are best—don't ask me whether
This firm will e'er be caught "under the weather."

If you want to dress up and look nobby,
Give Smith & Harrington a call,
For they make it a special hobby,
To keep suits well suited to all.

Just take a walk with the Walkers'
At the old stand we all known well;
Though too busy too be great talkers,
Their goods will the story tell.
Walker Bros.

First in the field it paved the way,
For prosperous times we have to-day,
For solid financing the leaven,
Down through the years since sixty-seven.
First National Bank.

Stockgrowing is ever our motto,
Inside and outside our bank,
And in the financial procession,
We are e'er in the foremost rank.
Stockgrowers National Bank.

We have Collins and Morgan, Hulbert and Beard,
And a premium upon our stock,
No collapse or assignment need ever be feared,
For our basis is firm as a rock.
Cheyenne National Bank.

Have you heard of Frank Meanea, the saddler?
I tell you he's surely a rattler,
And pays strict attention to "biz;"
Saddles fit for the cowboy or jockey,
At his place you will find nothing rocky,
Now just make a big note of this.

Wesley Hammond and Henry Arp,
Though the envious world may grumble and carp,
Are the leading hardware men of the West,
As has oft been proved, when put to the test.

The pioneer millinery house to-day,
Is foremost in every line, they say;
Yes, the taste in stitching is unexcelled,
And with buyers her store is always filled.
Mrs. E. Walker.

Where the "Rockies" rise in grandeur.
Proudly in their old domains,
The Cheyenne Daily *Leader*
Had its birth, and still maintains

Its place among the journals,
First and foremost in the West;
Though oft have would-be rivals
"Closed their forms" and gone to rest,

In the lead of the live stock interests,
Sinew and bone of the land,
Marches Mercer ahead of the column,
With the *Stock Journal* in his hand.

Not a man in Cheyenne ever scolds at Skolds,
For when he takes "Photos" the truth unfolds,
That a scolding by Skolds is the easiest way
To get the best photograph going to-day.

Find Bristol and Knabe—they have taken the cup,
If you want good printing or books put up,
Or a more complete blank than you'll find in the town,
See them, for they'll do the job up pretty brown.

"Here is your coal," the cold wind sings,
Brought all the way from far Rock Springs,
From the bosom of nature—that bounteous giver,
Lay in a supply or you surely will shiver.

Riner & Johnson.

To these elegant rooms of beauty and fashion,
Come matron and maiden and newly made bride,
Where fairer than gems or pearls of the ocean,
You'll find that which pleases your fancy and pride.

Mrs. Robinson.

Come one and come all to the millinery store,
Of that lady well known—Mrs. Brown;
Though the goods with the fashions keep up evermore,
Yet the prices forever keep down.

Not here in the Magic City,
Nor anywhere else in the West,
Will you find where its not conceeded
That their dressmaking is the best.

The Misses Walker.

F. Schweickert's will sell you the hardware,
Though the best, he will sell it so cheap,
That from this time on you will never dare
To suggest that the prices are steep.

We don't do washee, we wash by steam,
And never a break in the fold or seam,
Will you find in the clothing we wash for you;
Just try and this saying you'll find is true.

Cheyenne Steam Laundry.

With them merchant, kings and princes,
There the governor and the man,
Fit to guide the star of statehood,
In the march, to lead the van;
Shapcott, Tuttle, Smith, Miss Shulte,
At the emporium e'er on hand.
See their stock of goods, 'tis mammoth,
And magnificently grand.

Warren Mercantile Co.

Repath appears well made—its only a sham,
For you must agree with me, he's a shorthand man;
His typewriting, too, proves his dishonest intent,
For he's no more or less than a light fingered gent.

I suppose that you have heard that the C. C. C.,
Means Cheyenne Commercial Company,
Grocery house, feed store, meat market and all,
The best thing to do is to give them a call.

Dont think you'll e'er intrude,
But come business man and dude,
We've the finest stock, come in and of us buy,
Be you tall or lean or stout,
We can always fit you out
With something which will always please your eye.

Geo. H. Truckey.

No odds how you lie on a Shingle,
The work will be surely Caldwell,
Though yarns and good news often mingle,
Charge it up to the Lurid L. L.:
Yet, when there's a cause to sustain that's right,
The *Evening Tribune* will make the fight.

For all that is good, our market will take,
A part of the bak'ry as well as the cake.
Though you whistle a canine call complete,
Our sausage won't follow you into the street.
Phœnix Market.

Did you hear how Jim Jenkins and Gus,
In Cheyenne have kicked up a great fuss,
And all about shoes understand?
They have knocked all the prices way down,
And yet they, of all in the town,
Have the nobbiest outfit on hand.

Call round and shake hands with Sam Wilcox,
If you are hungry and want to buy bread;
At all competition he's dealing hard knocks,
And his place is the best, it is said.

Have you ever been out on the Inman line?
Not the one stretching from shore to shore,
But the line of pianos, guitars and harps,
Which you find at his music store.

I have heard of that isle in the waveless sea,
Bright with amethyst, pearl and gold,
But it isn't so bright, nor as fair can be,
As the palace of gems untold,
Which you find at the Zehner & Buechner stand,
Where they glitter and dazzle the eye,
And their wonderous beauty on every hand,
Will induce you at once to buy.

The boots were not done, but the bill was made out,
You have heard of this doubtless before;
But now has the programme been changed about,
And this is the way we do:
We are keeping the best, either shoe or boot,
People pay cash and no bills are made out.

S. Bon.

There's one thing sure,
My drugs are pure
And if you doubt, just come and see,
And then of course you'll buy of me.

B. B. David.

Not sweeter the flower of Sandolphon,
The mythical angel of prayer,
Which he cast through the gates of the city,
Diffusing their incense there,

Than those in my Eden floral,
With the immortelles e'er in bloom,
Where to pluck them at morn and evening
Bride, sweetheart and mourners come.

Mrs. V. Glafcke.

At the popular stand of Commissioner Hoyt
You'll not fail to be suited with all that you see,
The best stock in town and no trouble to show it
Call there and purchase—you'll satisfied be.

Are you looking for a good book?
If so then just take a look
In Holt's establishment by the P. O.
In the corners and nooks,
And e'en hanging on hooks,
You'll see them wherever you go.

The cowboys, the cowboys, are making a raid,
And all others are joining the throng,
Where the finest of saddles and harness are made;
"Long live Morrison," always the song.

J. S. Collins.

The first half of my name is for those in competition,
And the last half indicates the way I deal

With my customers, so many who belong to every
nation,
And want clothing—now that's just the way I feel.
Hellman.

Come into the Palace Barber Shop,
Put off your coat and make a stop
We'll give you a shave and your hair trim down
Far better than anyone else in town.
Ashford.

Come smoke a pure Cheyenne cigar,
F. Boehm's the manufacturer
Discard those "Early Yorks" you get,
For his cigars are the best ones yet.

If you get hungry and want to eat,
Our grocery store is just your beat,
Take it, you'll find our prices low,
Best stock—no odds where you go.
Griswold & Co.

They say that I'm lean and lanky,
And sometimes they call me cranky,
But there's one thing I'd like very much to say:
In my business I'm a stayer,
And of rogues I am a flayer,
And my clothing house is crowded every day.
Henry Harrington.

Sweet candy, sweet bread and sweet cake,
Is what you'll e'er find at my place,
For the best of each one I can make,
And the premium take in each case,
E'en the New Orleans Lottery bowed with a will,
To the excellent cream we with Ellis distill.

I'll make you a bet and I'll back it,
That if you'll call around at the Racket,
You'll get the best bargains for all that you buy,
Than elsewhere, than elsewhere, no odds where you try.

Where, oh where is Pete Bergerson?
Two to one that he's out with a gun,
For he keeps the best ones to be found in the West,
This very same fellow, Pete Bergerson.

Just call in at Kellner's if you want to feast your eyes
On the finest dry goods stock you ever saw,
And that's not all you'll purchase of him, if you are inside;
For his prices will the custom always draw.

Hunt up that fellow who growls and barks,
And pilot him round to Maier Marks,
Who is running that mammoth clothing stand,
And gives the best bargains in all the land.

Now boys you'd just as well,
Strike the Normandie hotel,
If you want to find a good one in Cheyenne;
For I've oft heard them declare
That for prices and good fare,
It will meet all claims—e'en of the "Upper Ten."

Tuttle, say Tuttle, what are you about?
You must not think you can run all the rest out,
Your paper and paint may be best, we all know,
Yet Tuttle, Jim Tuttle, give each one a show.

There's Merrill and Calland, a pretty strong pair,
They are dealing in lumber, and deal on the square,
On a sound business basis, substantial, complete,
And always are friendly with those who compete.

As firm as a rock, as solid as steel,
Is the well known Mercantile,
And the grocery house which the company runs
Might well be described by the term "Great Guns,"
For with Nagle and Whipple and Robins in charge,
Their business we know has become very large;

They can sell their goods cheap, (for between you
and I)
They well can afford it—they know how to buy.

Call up Mr. Jack Murray,
Tell him he must hurry,
And get ready for the coming crop of ice;
But tell him not to worry,
This same Mr. Jack Murray,
For there'll surely be no hitch about the price.

Contractor Keefe, whom we often call "Mose,"
Will perhaps build a bridge to the moon;
But if he can't do it, as every one knows,
The bridge wont be built very soon.

To my kindergarten the children come,
And while learning to read with care,
The tenderness of the childhood home,
Transplanted—they find it there.

The Carnival Carroll, with the double L.,
Now makes his bow and thinks 'tis well
You survived while they read what he tried to
write.
Good night one and all, good night, good night.

THE GIRL GUARDS.

[Written by request of lady friends of the company and respectfully dedicated by the writer to its twenty-four members.]

HAVE you seen our "Girl Guards," known as
Company K?
With their miniature muskets and caps of gray!
Heave you heard the tramp of their delicate feet
Keeping perfect step to a cadence sweet?
Enchantingly sweeping in fitful air
The kaleidoscope march of these maidens fair;
Who forth from a land of Elysian bloom
To pass in review only seem to have come.
O, what can compare with their beauty and worth
But the Diety's smile on the bosom of earth!
Just heard, did you say? Then I'll tell you more,
Concerning each one of this bright twenty-four.

Stand here close by me where the footlights
burn,
Where Company K makes many a turn;

To the right or to left, as the case may be,
Not as they respond to the reveille
Will you see them, but each in her proper place
In line, when they move with such charming grace,
And as they appear by the tactical grade
In the practice drill or a grand parade.

Gallant Colonel Stitzer is in command,
You have heard of him oft—stay, the girls are at hand;
First Emma O'Brien and Kate Kelly too,
Brighter, nobler girls Cheyenne never knew;
Mary Davidson, handsome—in girlhood a queen,
The intellect flash in her eye to be seen;
With fair Gertrude Morgan make up the full set,
Yet no; I mean the first Girl Guard quartette.

Next come Lulu Maxwell and Alvenie Gloye,
And then Gertrude Ellis and sweet Mamie Horrie,
As charming a four you will scarce ever see—
These are second in line in K Company;
Handsome Eva Smalley with wealth of dark hair,
With Iona Davis, both winsome and fair,
And then Edna Wilseck and Carrie Ingram,
Two bright, charming misses, in unison come.

Three fours now have passed us—just one-half in all—
As they now countermarch through the well lighted hall.
Look! look you again! as the column sweeps on!
Here come Ada Johnston and Clara Newman,
Two as pretty young misses as ever you'll see,
While the fair Isabel Montgomery
And sweet Bessie Vreeland, excelling in song,
With steps of perfection, come marching along.

Then Jessie Lee, a bright, fair-haired lass,
Ora Cowhick, a beauty, quick near us pass;
Then Mina McGregor, both pretty and bright,
And Mamie Geotz, charming, with footsteps light;
Next comes Gracie Chaffin, sweet-voiced and fair,
And then Florence Bradley with queenly air;
While Jessie Newman, a pretty young girl,
With Effie Vreeland, in beauty a pearl,
Sweep past in the march on the waxened floor;
The're last, but not least of the fair twenty-four.

All honor then give to our Company K;
But the story I've told, and further will say
While specially mentioning few at this time
I'm obliged to do this if the story's in rhyme,

And I've hoped as I witnessed their marching to-
night
That the future to each one may e'er seem as
bright
And be but the reflex of what now appears
As they march down the aisles of the untrodden
years;
May to these gems in girlhood a bountiful share
Be vouchsafed of Divine and Omnipotent care:
For by such to this life there is graciously given
A beauteous charm earth has borrowed from
Heaven.

LITTLE EVA.

[Written by request of friends of the family and respectfully inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Woodmansee on the death of their little daughter Eva.]

LITTLE Eva, they say, is dead;
That now of life she has no share;
Low laid within the earth damp bed
Beautiful one with golden hair.

Long days of sadness come and go
Now that your darling's voice is still;
But unknown murmurs, soft and low,
Tell you this was the Father's will.

And in the sorrowed, breaking heart
Something whispers, though woes abide,
You are, perchance, not far apart
From the beautiful one that died.

No, little Eva is not dead;
Only—only has gone to rest,
E'en now has left that earth cold bed
To be with Him who "knoweth best."

Not dead, but lives forevermore
  Angel Eva, more bright and fair
Than when she dwelt here on earth's shore
A little child with golden hair.

You will cross to the velvet strand
  Some day, to share its joy and bliss;
She'll meet you there, reach out her hand
  And greet you with her childish kiss.

MANSFIELD'S LAST RIDE.

WERE you there that day on Antietam's field
Where death missles made such a fatal search?
Where Hooker, outnumbered, swore never to yield,
And Smith charged in by the Dunkir church?
Did you hear the shriek of those shrapnel shell
Just out through the cornfield adown the plain?
Were you there in the fight where Richardson fell,
And Hancock rallied the lines again?
Those shouts—did you hear—down there by the ridge
Beyond the position where Porter lay
When Burnside pushed over the old stone bridge
And hurled his columns into the fray?

Were you there when that line swept into the fight
Which "Stonewall" Jackson could ne'er combat—
That grand left wheel on the Union right?
No charge in his'try e'er equalled that;
Did you see that hero, old Mansfield, ride?
I can see him yet with his thin white hair,
Exclaiming, while pointing the way to guide:
"Go on, boys! go on, we will meet them there!"

Heavens, those shouts and the musketry's crash!
Yet through all the battle's swift-rolling dun,
'Mid sheets of fierce flame and cannon's red flash,
Undaunted and fearless he still rode on.
Though carnage swept wide with a simoon's breath,
He was riding stright in until lost to view
Right into the midst of that maelstrom death
Which swallowed its thousands of "men in blue."

Gleaming war blades high uplifted;
Flash and clash with bayonet;
Squadrons reel and brigades waver
In that deadly, fierce onset,

Darker grows the mantling war cloud
O'er Antietam's crimsoned slopes;
While the foeman strike for vict'ry—
Here in columns, there in groups,
Lies beside the dying Northmen
Brother foeman on the sod—
Upward flit their souls together
To the martial court of God.
Yet, O where is that grim horseman,
Mansfield? Does he still ride there
Pointing, while the winds of tumult
Toss and drift his whitened hair?

But hark, what is that, as the foe recede?
Faint heard in the battle's diminished roar:
"Mansfield has fallen—shot dead from his steed!"
The grand old hero will ride no more.
His spirit went up to the cloud land field;
Life given a sacrifice for the land
He fought to vindicate, save and shield,
And fell while he gave us that last command.

O the day that was fraught with a nation's fate
At Sharpsburg—they call it Antietam now—
Whose thunders were heard at the capital's gate
When Lincoln recorded that solemn vow
To emancipate if a victory came
In that fight where we lost more men in blue,

Who fell for their country and not for fame,
  Than Wellington lost at Waterloo.
Yet not for home, nor our country's weal,
  Died there a hero more true and brave
Than grand old Mansfield with mould of steel,
  Who reached at Antietam a soldier's grave.

Peace smiles to-day on the Maryland shore,
For strife's dread tumult is heard no more.
Gone now, are the blue and the gray alike
And no troopers ride on the Hagerstown pike.
No longer is crimsoned the river's flow
And the Sharpsburg cornfields untrampled grow;
In peace thoroughfares throng the foemen of old,
For wars saturnalia long since grew cold.

Old Sharpsburg village to-day appears
Much the same as it did in the bygone years.
A stroll through the town and you'll see again
The old time half shattered window pane.
If by night you wander from street to street,
You scarce a villager e'er will meet.
Naught heard in the stillness encompassing all
Save the whippoorwill notes and the night hawk's
  call,
And closely around the old hearth stone fire
The villagers gather, from child to sire.

Each night with voices subdued and low
They talk of the times in the years ago;
Of the great battle fought near the quaint old
town—
Of the thousands who fell ere the sun went down;
And oft when the children have gone to sleep,
And older ones uncanny vigils keep—
When 'tis thought that no skeptical ones are
near—
They a story relate to the listening ear.

Half whispered, they tell of a horseman still
Who at midnight rides on the Sharpsburg hill.
And sometimes they see by the moonlight dim
The features of Mansfield—pale and grim;
Unseen though a battle line, legion or troop,
He still points the way down the clover grown
slope.
Though he utters no word, yet he seems to say
As when riding the lines on that fatal day,
While the night winds play through his thin, white
hair:
"Go on, boys! go on, we will meet them there!"

HAND IN HAND.

[Marriage of Mr. Frank Priestly and Miss Eva Morrow.]

WE shall sail far out on the blue sea of life;
We shall drift on its tide waves together;
And the two names so sacred—of husband and wife—
Shall be ours; yes, forever, forever.
Though surf mists and storms we shall meet on the way,
Yet with the Great Pilot's hand guiding,
Our bark shall float safely on, onward each day,
Ev'ry tempest outriding, outriding.

Though we leave it true ones stand and watch from the shore
As we're out toward the harbor bar sailing.
And their friendship goes with us to-day—evermore,
A friendship, unfailing, unfailing.
Beyond lie the isles in perennial spring,
And the orient zephyrs are blowing

Where the love plumaged nightingales carol and sing,
Sweet cadence bestowing, bestowing.

Though at last we shall drift by the earth evening strand
Where the leafless gray willows are waving,
Just beyond lie the shores of the whisperless land,
Which life's waters are laving, are laving.
Then, as now, the names sacred—of husband and wife,
Shall be ours—naught e'en death can us sever;
Hand in hand e'er in this and the mystery life,
We will journey together, together.

THE ANGEL WHO CAME THAT NIGHT.

"OH mamma, I'm weary and hungry,
And I wish we had something to eat;
I do not mean pie or some turkey –
Only bread and a small bit of meat.

"I know you've no money to buy it
We're so poor since dear papa went
To that land which they tell us is starlit;
Where no sorrow to any is sent.

"But, mamma, to-day and with Charlie
I've wandered to see if we could
Earn somehow a small sum of money
With which we could buy us some food.

"And we saw some pies in a window
That we passed as we went down the street,
And my poor heart was filled up with sorrow
When I thought we had nothing to eat.

"And, ma, don't you think that if papa
Could know we are hungry to-night,
He would come from that land of the future
The land which they say is so bright?

"Yes, surely, mamma, I know that he would,
And get for us something to eat;
Though not what the rich folks would call very good,
But some bread and a small piece of meat.

"Oh, mamma! Oh, mamma! I am sorry, don't cry,
For some friend may possibly come,
And I know that to-night you're as hungry as I
As we sit in our little cold room."

"My child I have prayed to Our Father to-day
And have asked him to give us some food,
And unto poor children who faint on the way
I know He will ever be good.

"And it may be, my child, that an angel of His
To-night may come in at our door,
And perhaps when he comes from the fair land of bliss
He may bring us some bread, if no more."

Just then at the door came softly a rapping,
And a stranger, uncouth and unshorn,
Came into the room at their bidding—
To the little room cold and forlorn.

"See yere—I 'spose you know me?
But they calls me Old Jimmie for short.
Sit down—well, yas, for a minit, maybe;
But I don't know per'aps as I ort.

"I come in to say I just heerd that poor Tom
Is asleepin' up thar on the hill;
And I 'spose you're not quite as well fixed as some,
And in course of wealth none has our fill.

"Ye see, once way up thar on the Spearfish
Tom came to my rescue one day;
When the Injuns piled out of the sage brush,
And with me that they'd git away.

"But me and poor Tom we just gin em
A game that the scamps didn't like,
And I tell ye, again for the sage brush, mam,
Those devils they made a big strike.

'And I tell you poor Tom's little fam'ly
Aint a goin' to go hungry nor dry;
Here's a five and a ten and a twenty;
Just take 'em—Oh mam, don't ye cry!

"And you just bet yer life that Old Jimmie
For you, and the little ones too—
Will allers come down with his money;
And I tell you I'll see ye all through."

When the children knelt by their bed that night
To engage in their short little prayer,
They did not forget the good angel of light
Who came, but with unshorn hair.

And away in that land of the future,
Which we all are fast journeying toward;
Where the rich than the poor are no richer,
Old Jimmie will get his reward.

CLASP HANDS ALIKE WITH BLUE AND GRAY.

[Read at an Emancipation Celebration.]

IN Southern lands long years ago,
A race drank deep the dregs of woe
In slavery's chains e'er welded fast—
That race had walked for centuries past.
No light illumed the gloomy way
Where bondmen toiled from day to day;
To rescue from this living grave
No arm reached forth to free the slave.

But hark! the guns at Sumpter roar
And shake the old Palmetto shore.
The call "To arms!" sounds through the land,
O'er mountain plain and ocean strand.
Patriots fall, the Union rocks,
While loud resound the battle shocks.
Forth from a mighty northern camp
To meet the foe great armies tramp.

'Twas then Abraham Lincoln spoke
In words which all the world awoke,
Proclaiming slaves should e'er be free—
Immortal voice of liberty.
"Freedom to all," was the watchword,
While Grant and Sherman wield the sword,
Till not a child of enforced toil
Remained upon Columbia's soil.

This glorious day through coming time
Shall be observed in every clime.
Wherever men are just and true
To rights of all—not of the few—
Abraham Lincoln's name shall live
While God to man shall memory give;
With U. S. Grant's, that hero grand,
Who triumphed and preserved our land.

'Tis over now, that race to-day
Clasp hands alike with blue and gray;
No more to mourn, no more to weep
In woes of bondage, dire and deep.
And where, at Charleston, first was heard
That gun which loyal hearts so stirred,
All colored men to-day turn back
In sorrow to that earthquake's track;

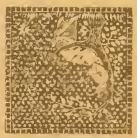
And freely send their little mite
To sufferers there, both black and white,
With prayers that tumults come no more
To that old-time Palmetto shore.

THE UNION PACIFIC.

[Read at the Great Carnival, October, 1889, by General John Charles.]

THERE was a time some years ago
When progress in Cheyenne was slow.
Throned on the treeless foot-hill slope
The Magic City saw no hope.
But stay—that word—our ears attend;
Cheyenne has still a steadfast friend,
Union Pacific railroad men
Those true words spoke—they spoke and then
New life appeared on ev'ry side;
Hope rose again and then the pride
Of our fair city rose on high—
"That depot" towards the clear blue sky.
Shops came in time, and now we feel
That the "U. P." was true as steel
To us—when there was little left,
And we of hope almost bereft.

And over these plains and mountains
May its railroad unrivalled run,
'Till the bright reflex of its glory
Out travels the setting sun.
And here in this Magic City
We will cherish its name with pride,
'Till we go on our last excursion
O'er the crest of the Great Divide.



THE B. & M.

WHAT is that which we see to the eastward
Pushing over the alkali plain,
While its puffs of black smoke rolling upward,
Form a vast anaconda like train
Stretching down the long slope toward the border
Of our neighbors—that prosperous state,
Historic, undaunted Nebraska,
Standing proud by the "Border Land" gate.
'Tis the long looked for B. & M. "Mogul—"
We have watched for its coming for years.
Wave the flag, fire the gun, sound the bugle
And let's us greet it with thundering cheers;
For, boys, dawns there a new morning
Since the Burlington engine has come.
And to-night let the song of rejoicing
Resound in each Cheyenneite's home.

LITTLE WALT.

[On the Death of Walter Dyer.]

WE sit in the gloom and shade to-night
And think of the days gone by,
When our household seemed like the morning light
And bright as the summer sky.

But our hearts are sad as we sit and think
Of a cradle we used to have
E'er our darling passed to the river's brink
And crossed o'er the darksome wave.

Yes, Little Walter has gone afar,
And we walk amid shades and gloom;
Yet he passed through the gates that are left ajar,
Where flowers eternally bloom.

We shall some day pass to the river's side
And cross to the distant shore;
To the peaceful land far over the tide,
Where partings shall come no more.

And a tiny form in a little bark
Will come from the opposite strand
As we shrink to pass through the waters dark
To the beach of the twilight land.

And a cherished voice will break on the ear
As the boat in the mist comes to view;
"Papa and Mamma, don't have any fear,
Little Walter is coming for you."

Yes, you'll cross the dark tide with your own little boy
And with him shall walk on the lea;
To bask in the brightness and sunlight of joy
In a home by the summer land sea.

NOT A FINAL ADJOURNMENT.

[Inscribed to Hon. David Miller and the other members of the late House of Representatives of 1884.]

COME, boys, for the gavel has fallen
And the House has adjourned sine die.
Unto us is the privilege given
Of a union in song—you and I.

Our labors of state are all ended
And we scatter from hence far and near
Ere we part let our voices be blended
In a song to our memories dear.

Form a circle around in the center
Of the hall which we are soon to leave,
And let each take the hand of his neighbor;
Let our parting a token receive.

Of the brotherhood ties that now bind us;
May it be thus as here hand in hand,
While life's billows break and roll o'er us
We may e'er be an unbroken band.

We've debated and fought through the session
For constituents we represent,
And oft have we called a "division,"
When to carry our point we were bent.

But now that our contests are finished
And suspended all rules of restraint,
Our friendship is still undiminished;
Firm, constant and free from all taint.

Now let us while here all united
Sing a song dear to your hearts and mine—
Fit for princes, the poor and benighted—
That grand old historic Lang Syne.

Then fall in Teschemacher and Downey,
Jones, the speaker; Craig, Quealy and Coad,
Schwartz, Nickerson, Allen and Dudley,
Grant, Kennedy, Bussard and Ford.

Come also Deloney and Jackson,
Groesbeck, also Weaver, Cahill,
Smith, Snider with positive Seaton,
And "Dave" Miller the quorum will fill.

Though perhaps not again legislators,
We will all do the best that we can;
To those instincts we ne'er will prove traitors—
Those instincts which make the true man.

Then when comes roll call o'er the river
And we in the last house appear,
Whose sessions shall last—last forever,
May each one, may all answer "here."

When introduced are our bills there eternal
To be heard in our Father's great house,
May their titles when read from the journal
No sneers from the "lobby" arouse.

May they "pass" there when they've been committed
To the "whole house" way up by the throne,
To the "general file" be remitted
With never a "rider" tacked on.

When our bills have all passed the "third reading"
And are put on their "passage" on high,
May no voice there be heard as dissenting—
May there be one unanimous "aye."

When enrolled and our bills are presented,
Be our Great Master's signature lent
To "approve" of our "acts" unamended
And in no case a "veto" be sent.

Yes, fall in Teschemacher and Downey,
Jones, Quealy, Craig, Coad and the rest,
Side by side we will march in life's journey
Through these foothills way out in the west.

BOYS, DON'T CALL ME A CRIPPLE TO-NIGHT.

[The incident upon which the following verses were written occurred at Warm Springs, Wyo., (now Saratoga) and were composed immediately after listening to the story of a crippled war veteran.]

NO, boys, don't call me a cripple to-night
While passing your jokes around,
For something is dimming my failing sight
And it falls with a grating sound.

I'm a cripple, of course you all well know,
And a wreck and a ruin for life;
And yet perhaps 'twould not have been so
But for the recent rebellion's strife.

Yes, the wound that made of me a cripple
I received in the Petersburg charge
Where thousands fell in the struggle—
Our loss was unusually large.

Though I drag to-night on a desolate shore
With my prospects in life all gone,
I think of the days which will come no more
As I journey through life alone.

And in fancy my heart goes back again
To a cot by the woodland dense,
Where the clematis climbed on the window pane
And the heliotrope grew by the garden fence.

And a mother dear and a gray haired sire
I see, as in spirit I journey back,
Sitting again at the hearthstone fire,
By its friendly glow and its cheerful crack.

And little Jimmie, I see him too,
And Fannie with ringlets of golden hair.
They are smiling again and their eyes of blue
Are just as wondrously bright and fair.

In mem'ry once more by the little brook
We wander again there hand in hand,
Into ev'ry sly little corner and nook,
'Mid flowers there by the golden sand.

But death will come and it came to them—
Peacefully now they're all at rest,
Sweetly asleep by the murmuring stream,
Close by the dear old homestead nest.

There's another whose name I never speak,
Who said she would ever be true;
And boys perhaps you will call me weak
As I tell this story to you.

When I came from the war all crippled and lame
She became as a stranger to me—
With myself and her it was not the same
And it never again will be.

Since then, perhaps, I have drank too much;
But I've done the best that I could;
But a fellow like me, and I'll say all such,
Will never do just as they should.

I shall walk again, but it will not be
'Till I cross to the mystic shore,
Where the ransomed stand on the golden lea;
Where troubles will come no more.

And then once more with Fannie and "Jim,"
O'er the meadows forever in bloom,
We shall walk where the crystal waters gleam,
In that far away, peaceful home.

And a mother dear and gray haired sire
Will stand by my side again,
Where white robed angels with harp and lyre
Will chant a beautiful strain.

As I sit here to-night in the twilight gray
These thoughts come back to my mind,
As they have not come for many a day,
Though crippled, weary and almost blind.

Yes, while passing your jokes on ev'ry hand
Something is dimming my failing sight,
For sadly I'm roaming on memory's strand—
Oh, boys! don't call me a cripple to-night.

WE WELCOME YOU.

[The following poem was recited by the author at the reception tendered to the members of the Colorado Synod at the Presbyterian Church in Cheyenne, the Synod being composed of pastors and delegates not only from Colorado and Wyoming but from New Mexico and Arizona as well.]

WE welcome you, we welcome you,
God's votaries steadfast and true;
We proffer you the kindly hand,
Though not as strangers, from a land
To us e'er whisperless and afar,
Across the vision's harbor bar.
What though you claim a distant home,
Or from the snowy range lands come;
We greet you here, as brothers, friends,
For fellowship in God extends
Beyond the distant rocky steep
Around whose base the centuries sleep;
In faith and spirit, side by side,
The great divide can ne'er divide.

What means this gathering here to-night?
These men of God, what brings them here?
Prayers and petitions to indict
In perfect faith and Godly fear;
'Tis that in union here may be
A work performed for all mankind;
A glorious work in harmony,
Born of the Godlike heart and mind.

What are the grandest work of men?
Where are they wrought, by whom and when?
Ask not of him who boasts his worth
And gropes in intellectual dearth;
Nor yet of he whose God is fame,
And manhood barters for a name.
These, these ne'er know, nor understand
Life's mystery and problem grand.

Call back to life the living dead;
The arm outstretched lost men to save.
Point out where faith's bright halos shed
Their beams on pathways to the grave;
Mens' griefs and sorrows e'er assuage,
In hope triumphant lead the van;
This now, has been in every age,
The grandest, noblest work of man.

Down through the aisles of slumbering time,
In every age, in every clime,
Where e'er was seen, where e'er has been,
A grander host of Godlike men
Than those true ones of iron mould,
Who, in the martyr days of old
Stood firm around the blood stained cross
And counted life and fame but dross;
When in the cause of holiness
Their all was cast, mankind to bless.

The Presbyterian faith and creed
And banner of the church unfurled,
Of righteousness have been the seed,
Its fruit, the leaven of a world,
Sown deep among old Scotland's hills
And nurtured where her thistle grows,
It spread until its influence fills
That old world where its star arose.

Flashing o'er the waste of waters
Through the surf mists of the tide,
From the old land to the new one,
Came that halo sanctified;
And its radiance transcendent,
O'er the western world has cast
Pure beams of light—the reflex
Of its splendor in the past.

O church! whose creed the world shall light!
With whom John Calvin walks to-night,
A nation claims your history;
Made in that cause of liberty,
When slavery sat securely throned,
And millions for their freedom moaned.

In this fair land long years ago,
A race drank deep the dregs of woe;
A sombre gloom enshrouded all—
Hung o'er them like a funeral pall:
But hark—give heed—what sound is that?
From where your great assembly sat;
Though years have fled, "three score and ten,"
I seem to hear it, and as when
The bondman heard, and lifted high
His voice in praise when came that cry,
The first of church, or yet of state,
"The slave, the slave emancipate."

And yet, to-night, the welded chains
Of that dark slavery of the soul
Are clanking, clanking, and remains
Sin's bondage; while its muster roll
Shows countless millions doomed to die;
Yet, from the Imperial throne on high

The Master calls and bids *you* go
Among his children, high and low
And with redemption's sledge the key,
Break loose their bonds and set them free.

When the shades of life's gray twilight
Gather 'round the troubled way
Of this earth's uncertain journey
And you near its closing day,
Then whispering through the shadows
There, encompassing the tomb,
By faith you'll hear these cheering words:
"'Tis naught but going home;"
For the Master's Great Assembly
And his synod, up on high,
Where the pure in heart are gath'ring,
Will convene there, bye and bye;
And amid that bloom eternal
On the far-off mystic shore,
You'll receive the Christian's welcome
To a rest forevermore.

Yes, here to-night, we welcome you,
God's votaries steadfast and true;
We proffer you the friendly hand,
Though not as strangers from a land

To us e'er whisperless and far
Across the vision's harbor bar;
What though you claim a distant home
Or from the snowy range lands come;
We greet you here as brothers, friends,
For fellowship in God extends
Beyond the distant rocky steep
Around whose base the centuries sleep;
Ever in spirit, side by side,
E'en death's divide can ne'er divide.

THE FEW FOR THE MANY.

THEY may talk about life and its pleasures
And the blessings which bounti'fly come
From the storehouse of Heavenly treasures
To the mansion, the cot and the home;
But there's often a weary one here to-day
Struggling along through the journey—
Faint and hungry and blind on the way—
One of few who must fall for the many.

It is said, and we find it in scripture,
That tares were sown all through the wheat;
That mankind could see in the future
As they might with uncertainties meet;
That those who walk upright and noble
All the way fain to do and to dare,
Might learn to be true from the humble
By beholding the shriveled up tare.

Go stand where the martyrs are lying asleep—
They who fought for their country and home;
Where the angel of rest shall a long vigil keep
By the side of the blossom robed tomb.
And the question then ask, if these soldiers who fell—
Brave men and noble and true;
Where the boom of the gun was their funeral knell—
Did they die for the many—these few?

Saunter into the gay halls of fashion,
Where society's votaries tread,
As they from the palace and mansion
Pass by you with uplifted head.
See beautiful daughters of opulence
In their satins and silks of snow;
How fair in their maidenhood's radience—
The purest of pure here below.

Come with me to the darksome valley,
Where no flickering lamp lights glow
And a gloom like the shade of death's valley
Encompass wherever you go.
Peer in at that narrow entrance,
See that withered, bent form sitting in there,

Weary and cold and hungry, perchance
In rags and with uncombed hair.

She was once as bright and beautiful
As any that walk on the earth;
She was faithful, true and dutiful,
Up to womanhood's years from birth.
But she fell—and *perhaps* her example
Kept many a maiden true.
Who shall say that the lives of the many
Are not saved by the fall of the few?

See that shabby inebriate there on the street
On the trail for his whiskey, of course;
Uncertain his gait—unsteady his feet—
In his face what a look of remorse.
No matter what drove him away down the grade
Of misfortune—affliction was born;
His record for life and the future is made—
To him points the finger of scorn.

How many perchance in the hurrying throng,
As they pass the poor outcast by,
Who, but for the example he sets, e'er long
They too might be ready to die?

Don't treat him with scorn when you meet him
to-day,
For his fate is a warning to you;
You prosper in life as you travel your way
Through the ruin and wreck of the few.

Far back in the times long ago come and gone
Lived one known as the Son of God,
Who walked on this earth His way alone,
And endured for us the chastening rod.
At Him was pointed the finger of scorn
As he died on the crest of Calv'ry;
On His brow a crown of thorns was worn
And His death was but one for the many.

As you journey through life then remember
Those who fall that the many may live;
Though they seem but the earth to encumber,
Yet Our Father will bountifully give
And will surely make ample provision
For the noble, the pure and the true;
But the gates that lead up to his mansion
He will open and call in the few.

"ALMOST AT THE TOP."

[Composed for and recited by Miss Leontine Abney at commencement exercises, 1885.]

"WE must charge them again! go forward and steadily!"
Said the general commanding at South Mountain's front,
And the wavering lines that had struggled so gallanty
Rallied once more for the battle's fierce brunt.

"Boys, we must charge to the crest of the mountain!
Be ready to move at the tap of the drum!
But stay," said the leader—he spoke as if doubting—
"Where's the drummers? did one on the battle field come?

"I'm here," clear and strong rang the voice of a boy drummer,
While fearlessly flashing his resolute eye;
"I'll beat the drum and if need be all summer,
Clear up to the top of the mountain, or die!"

"All right, my brave lad! sound the long roll for forward,"
Said the general, admiring the drummer boy's grit;
"But mind you," said he, "as the column climbs upward,
Be careful my hero and do not get hit."

At the word of command the snare drum was beaten--
With a shout to the charge swept the long battle line,
Though with canister, shrapnel and musketry riven,
Right upward it followed the drummer boy's sign.

Great Heavens, that sound! Hear the musketry crashing!
The roar of the guns and bursting of shells!
See the smoke roll and the incessant flashing!
Oh hear the loud shouts and demoniac yells!

And list—through the tumult and fierce storm of battle,
What faint sound is that near the grim mountain's head?
'Tis the drummer boy still, 'tis the snare drum's sharp rattle,
Way up 'mid the fighting, the wounded and dead.

Angles in Heaven drop the thick curtain downward
And hide from our vision the tragical sight.
For the last final onset the host surges upward
Through the smoke shroud now dark as the gloomiest night.

Hark! Hark! that shout 'way up on the mountain craig;
Look! look! something flutters against the dark sky—
'Tis the stars and stripes waving—our glorious old Union flag—
'Tis our banner in victory floating on high.

But where is the boy? for the snare drum is voiceless;
Not there, he had fallen, his battles were o'er;

In the death dealing leaden storm, pitiless, relentless,
He fell, and will mingle in conflict no more.

By a rock on the side of the mountain they found him,
While the life current flowed from a wound in the breast.
Pale was his face, his blue eyes grown strangely dim,
But smiling he spoke ere he sank to his rest:

"Almost at the top when the minie ball struck me,"
He said, while they essayed the current to stop;
And then, as his soul fled away into mystery,
Whispered but faintly, "Almost at the top."

They made him a grave on that blood-baptized mountain side
And hallowed the spot with their unbidden tears;
But his spirit went o'er where the whisperless waters glide
By the orient gates through eternity's years.

Sleep! sleep drummer boy, where the song of the whippoorwill
By thy last resting place shall your requiem be;
But "almost at the top," we in visions can see him still,
Where phantom braves muster, far over the sea.

Yes, o'er the dark tide on the dim mystic everglade,
We can see him once more—hear the boy drummer's sign
Sounding down the whole length of the legion and cavalcade
While the host surges forward along the whole line.

As vot'ries of learning working upward and onward,
Let us press toward the goal and ne'er waver nor stop.
May we not like the drummer, while still toiling upward,
Grow weary and fall when "almost at the top."

THE HOODLUM'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

I HAVE looked for the quarter I thought I had,
But have failed to bring it to light;
And the fact is making me somewhat sad,
For I'm terrible hungry to-night.

No one perhaps would care to know
My thoughts as I sit and dream
By the flickering lamp's uncertain glow
With its faint and feeble gleam.

But the Saturday night I'm passing through
Is filled with many a thought,
When life seemed all that is good and true
And never with trouble fraught.

It matters not that I may have done
What many would scorn to do,
For I travel the trail of life alone
And shall 'till the journey's through.

The dilemma here it affects not now—
That quarter I cannot find,
Perhaps on account of this aching brow,
Or I may be partiatly blind.

I will let it go and sing a song
That I learned upon childhood's shore,
When I was merry the whole day long,
In the happy old days of yore.

We shall all cross over the great divide
To the prairie forever in bloom,
And pitch our tents on the further side
And make it our endless home.

But it may not be that the weary here
Are barred from its bloom and light,
Though walking alone amid foliage sear
On the hoodlum's Saturday night.

WHERE IS MY WANDERING GIRL TO-NIGHT?

[The incident upon which these lines were based occurred at Denver, Colo., during the firemens' tournament in 1880.]

"OH where is my wandering girl to-night?"
Said a gray haired matron who knelt to pray
As shade supplanted the fading light,
"Oh where is my wandering May."

Oh God! I would meet her to-night once more,
Though gone from my household—I know not where—
My child as pure as she was of yore,
With her sparkling eyes and auburn hair.

She went from my home at a stranger's bid
And never since then have I heard of her—
From me since then she has e'er been hid—
She may be far or she may be near.

The tears well up in my failing eyes
As I look at the cradle we rocked her in.
'Tis because of a love that never dies,
Though she may be leading a life of sin.

I am tottering down on my gloomy way
And the world recedes from my troubled sight;
But I ask, Oh God, as I kneel and pray,
Bring me my wandering girl to-night.

Friends came in haste and for her to go—
'Twas only a block from the mother's door—
To a refuge sad of sin and woe
Into which so many had gone before.

Stretched there on a couch unconscious and cold
Was her lost one, her own little May,
And the poor stricken mother with sorrows untold
Knelt by her dead daughter to pray.

But e'er scarce began was her fervent prayer.
And while bowed low was her silvered head
The death angel came and stood by her there—
When they raised her the weary one too was dead.

And over the tide on the unseen shore
With its bloom immortal, where all is light,
In the home where sorrows shall come no more,
She found her wandering girl that night.

AROUND THE CAMP FIRE.

[Read at Campfire January 7, 1886.]

COME comrades, sit up in the camp fire's gleam;
Let us talk of old times to-night,
Old stories we'll tell and ponder and dream
'Till the gray of the morning light.
But hark! what's that—did you hear that sound,
So familiar to your ears and mine?
Let's fall in—the foe must be hovering around
'Way out on the picket line.

But no, I forget—'tis a dream sure enough,
For we sit by the camp fire of peace.
And the service is now not so weary and rough,
Nor so chilling the midnight breeze.
But as we have gathered, our thoughts go back
And in spirit we march once more
O'er the muddy roads and the mountain track
By the river and hill and shore.

And we think of the times when we used to get
Little missives which cheered our life—
Mothers, perhaps—or more welcome yet,
From a loving, devoted wife;
Or perchance from the girl with an angel face
And a smile that was pure and sweet,
Whose picture we carried from place to place
And would wear through the battle's heat.

Side by side we again at Shiloh
Quick rally and save the day,
While on Vicksburg's hills the defiant foe
Succumb as we march that way.
We are sweeping once more from Atlanta
All the way to the distant sea
Our flag o'er historic Savannah
Proudly waves while the foemen flee.

The "Seven Day's Battles" we fight again
And on Gettsburg's heights we form;
We wheel into line on Antietam's plain
And charge through the leaden storm.
We are fighting again in the wilderness,
Where full thirty thousand fell,
Their requiem naught but the minie's hiss
And shriek of the shrapnel shell.

Yes, and again through the gates of Richmond
The old flag is in victory borne,
An emblem of peace to the free and bond
Though its folds were tattered and torn.
Appomattox—but why tell the story,
The grand story of that great day,
For now o'er the chasm gory
Clasped hands are "The Blue and the Gray."

THE TWIN SISTERS.

[At a Banquet in 1884.]

WHEN the white robes of peace o'espread our fair land
And all men in true brotherhood live,
The press on the picket line watchfully stand
And the warning of danger will give.

And swift lines of commerce that stream o'er the sea
And intricate interests of state,
With all that is dear unto you and to me,
We'll protect from our post at the gate.

From these mountains "turned up by the ploughshare of God"
To the shore of the ocean afar,
Our voice shall be heard here on liberty's sod,
That no perils our peacefulness mar.

When our country's horizon is darkened with storm
And our foes gather thick on the line,
Then in trumpet-like tones we will give the alarm
And it shall be no uncertain sign.

Then, as in the times past, when the old Union flag
Was imperiled and treated with scorn,
The soldier, whose firm ardor never shall lag,
Will not see it tarnished nor torn.

They will muster again from the river and shore
And march to the uncertain fray,
Where the grim cannon's rattle and musketry's roar
Are heard and resound all the day.

You shall conquer again and the victory win
For your country, your flag and your home;
And when no more is heard the fierce battle's din,
As now may a reunion come.

Yes, the press and the soldiers, by land and by tide,
Must united and true ever be;
And prove that they are, as they stand side by side,
Twin sisters on liberty's lea.

DEAD HEROES.

[At the Cheyenne Cemetery, Decoration Day, 1886.]

IN a stately pageant we've marched to-day
To this whisperless city where heroes rest,
'Neath whose cactus-crowned turf their moldering clay
That men are mortal on earth attest.
But we came not to call up the silent dead,
Nor disturb their peaceful and dreamless sleep,
For oblivious shade o'er their lowly bed
With its phantom wings shall a vigil keep.

But garlands of pansies and white immortelles
In profusion we strew where the dead repose;
And these of our sorrow the story tells—
That sorrow which only the soldier knows
And feels for comrades passed on before
In the march toward the far away mystic camp
That lies o'er the surf, on the further shore—
Where through its approaches no foemen tramp.

Who are they—the dead—whom these comrades
mourn
And around whose graves we are gathered
here?
They were patriots, and children yet unborn
Shall jewel these mounds with the falling tear.
When peril hung grim for our country's cause
And freedom's fabric was ready to fall,
To protect the flag and enforce the laws
These men went forth at their country's call.

Yes, the old Union flag, on many a field
Was upborne at the cost of human blood
And many a time, ere the foe would yield,
Dipped its silken folds in the crimson flood.
But heroes fought under it—carried it through—
'Till untorn, without tarnish or stain,
'Twas lifted by men in the patriot blue
And unchallenged it floats again.

These sleeping heroes fought under that flag
From the borders clear down to the sea,
And ne'er in the strife did their ardor lag
'Gainst a foe never known to flee.
And shoulder to shoulder by Richmond's gates
They battled and won at last,

While Confederate valor succumbed to the fates
In the forges of Union cast.

Now the angel of peace hovers over our land
And the foemen of old are side by side;
Some are wading the ford to the distant strand—
That field far over the foaming tide—
And when the last one shall have mustered there
And they talk of the battles and dangers braved,
They shall all unite in one common prayer,
'Twill be: "Thank God for a Union saved."

Yes, in a stately pageant we've marched to-day
To this whisperless city where heroes rest,
'Neath whose cactus-crowned turf their moulder-
ing clay
That men are mortal on earth attest.
While these mountains up turned by the plowshare
of God
Shall rise o'er the plain and point up to the sky,
May the memory of heroes here under this sod
Be revered and honored and never die.

MIDNIGHT IN THE VOICELESS CITY.

[The following was composed and noted down on stray slips of paper by the author while passing the night in the Cheyenne City cemetery several years ago. The circumstances will be remembered by many Cheyenne people.]

IN a city still and voiceless
Where no dwellers throng the street,
Where the rich, the poor and lowly
Constantly in silence meet;
In the stillness of the midnight
Lone and pensively I roam,
Pausing only for a moment
By the grave or at the tomb.

Midnight in this voiceless city,
In this precinct of the dead,
While the earth is wrapped in slumber
And the stars shine overhead;

Sweetly thoughts come o'er me stealing
Of the future and the past,
Yet I know we all must slumber
Here within these gates at last.

Here the devotees of fashion,
Men of wealth and men of fame
Slumber with the unknown beggar—
He who never had a name.
For the grave knows no distinction
'Twixt the princely and the poor;
In a cold embrace it holds them
Until time shall be no more.

Sleeping here in bridal costume
Lies at rest the new made bride,
Blooming at the radient morning,
Lowly laid at even'tide.
Here the old, the fair haired children
And the little unclaimed waif,
From all fears and cares carroding
Emancipated here and safe.

Like a silent sent'nel standing,
Phantom wings outstretched and pale,
Watches here the grim death angel
Over all "within the vale."

Here the shades of cold oblivion
Fall around this sleeping dust;
And forever, yes, forever,
Here shall keep its sullen trust.

Here within this voiceless city
All save one beneath the sod,
Marring not this place of resting
Where at midnight none e'er trod,
Sad and aimlessly I wander
By each monumental stone,
Musing over life's great myst'ry
As I walk these streets alone.

Do these sleepers ever waken?
Are no spectres ever seen?
Flitting through this voicelss city,
'Mid its foliage of green.
Speak not voices oft at midnight
From the portals of the tomb?
Are there sounds, deep and sepulchral,
Ever heard or do they come?

No! these dead do never waken;
Walk they on this earth no more;
Walk they with cherubic legions
On the far off palm tree shore.

'Tis but whims of purest fancy
Or the sigh of summer winds,
Or perchance may be the outgrowth
Of disturbed or weary minds.

There's a city of the living—
And its glimmering lights I see—
Near this still and voiceless city
With its gloom and mystery.
In this city of the living,
All is gayety and joy;
Known is now to all its den'zens
Peace and hope without alloy.

Yet, as musing 'mong these sleepers
In this city on the hill,
Thinking of the past and future
And while all around is still;
Looking at this living city—
After many years are gone
Shall not then this silent city
And its sister both be one?

Midnight in this voiceless city
As with falt'ring steps and slow,
These thoughts are whispering to me
As I wander to and fro.

And something seems to tell me,
To my thrice reluctant ear,
Many from that living city
May ere long be resting here.

In a city still and voiceless
Where no dwellers throng the street,
Where the rich, the poor and lowly
Constantly in silence meet;
In the stillness of the midnight
I am wand'ring here alone,
Pausing only for a moment
At each monumental stone.

THIS CORNER STONE.

[Placed in the Corner Stone of the Union Pacific Depot, 1886.]

MAY he who displaces this corner stone,
By dynamite bomb or by vandal's hand,
Be consigned to a dungeon dreary and lone
Or the "lock step" keep in a felons' band;
For the structure raised over this granite block
A monument grand shall ever be
To the worth, as solid as e'en this rock,
Of the Union Pacific Company.

While the cycling years roll swiftly by
Shall this coming structure tower on high;
Though a century pass may it yet rise here
Unmarred by the storms of each fleeting year.
May it never crumble, decay or fall
Until shall be heard the last trumpet's call,
Proclaiming on continent, sea and shore
That time forever shall be no more.

OUR LITTLE FRANKIE.

[Written by request of friends and inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. John Shingle on the death of their little son.]

PAUSE by the side of the little white casket,
With its immortelle anchor and floral display,
But disturb not a flower nor a single green leaflet;
Think a moment of hearts that are bleeding today.

Gaze on the face of the little pale sleeper
With its beautiful calmness and angelic smile,
Though the spirit has gone to the arms of its maker,
It fled uncorroded — unsullied by guile.

They tell you the flower is withered and faded
And the bloom has gone out of the soft little cheek,

That the pride and the hope of your life is o'er shadowed
By a sorrow that tongue cannot murmer or speak.

But no! though removed to the dim land of myst'ry
That lies far away on the untrodden shore,
'Tis only a fleeing from time to eternity;
Little Frankie now lives where death is no more.

Where angelic choristers stand by the river
And cherubic legions in unison sing,
He has found a sweet home in the golden forever,
A gem in the crown of our Father and King.

When the twilight of life shall o'ercast the horizon
And your feet totter down where the gray willows wave,
When at last you shall reach the dark foaming Rubicon,
Do not be appalled at the gloom of the grave.

For Frankie will come from over the billows—
Come to you there from the opposite side—
And pilot you o'er from the shore of the willows
To that city which stands where the life waters glide.

Once more, in a home where death ne'er shall enter,
You shall dwell with him in a sorrowless land
Where the flowers ever bloom in perennial summer—
In a mansion prepared by our Father's own hand.

GATHERINC FLOWERS AT THE PICNIC.

To Miss Florence Hurlbut.

[The following was based on an incident occurring at Johnson's Island, Colorado, and was written several years ago, when the now Mrs. John F. Carroll was a little girl, and was dedicated to her:]

"O COME with me," the little maid said,
"Where the lillies grow and the roses red;
Wreathes we'll entwine of every hue,
And one shall be mine and one for you."

I looked at the face of the little maid fair
Just shaded with tresses of golden hair—
Bright was her smile and her laughing eyes
Glistened like stars in the evening skies.

Taking the proffered hand in mine,
Under the shade of the oak and pine
Side by side we wandered afar,
Where the violets bloom and the roses are.

Flowers we plucked that grew by the stream
And sparkle with dew in the morning's beam;
And the heart of that little maid was gay
While gathering beautiful flowers that day.

"O, why should it be that the flowers will fade?"
With a pensive voice the little maid said.
"If beautiful always they would bloom
I never should know when the winters come."

Again in the face of the little maid fair
I looked, but a shadow was resting there;
And she twirled the flowers in her tiny hand
And scattered their leaflets o'er the sand.

'Twas only a moment the shadow stayed;
Then happy again was the little maid,
But I thought and mused as though in a dream,
While wandering on by the marge of the stream:

Gathering flowers through a trackless wild;
Down to the grave from a little child.
To some they bloom and never decay;
To others they fade and wither away.

'Tis thus we journey and thus we go,
Some in happiness others in woe;
For many the flowers shall always bloom;
To more shall the dreary winters come.

When the winters come with their frosts and
shade,
Secure from their blasts be that little maid;
Though I shall roam on a storm beat shore,
For her may the flowers bloom evermore.

PATRIOT SOLDIERS.

[Composed expressly for and recited by the author at the great camp fire held by the John F. Reynolds Post at Keefe hall on the evening of January 6, 1887, and at the Encampment of the Department of Colorado and Wyoming, 1887.

ROLL back the tide of centuries past!
Behold proud kingdoms rise and fall!
See empires wane and sink at last
At time's deep-toned insatiate call,
The throne cast down, the ruined shrine—
Mark how they dot the century line.

So should it be; whate'r's unjust
To man, shall mingle with the dust
Which gathers in time's lengthened span
Where man hath tyrannized o'er man;

Yet from the ages rolled away
A beacon light to guide the free
Springs up where ignorance held sway
As coral isles rise from the sea.

Thus hath it been; in wisdom gained
From lands where man hath been enchained
In Old World's bondage, dire and dread,
That sepulcher of living dead,
Our Fathers builded wise and well
A temple strong 'mid dangers fell
And founded on this western shore
A country grand forevermore.

Moving on like spectral phantoms
Nations pass in solemn line
Through the vista of the centuries,
Guided by a Power Devine.
In this panoramic pageant
Past the gloom of kingdoms wrecked,
Grandly moves our own republic,
Peace endowed and glory decked.

O'er the stifling mists of darkness,
O'er the fallen tyrant's tomb
Shines the unsullied light of liberty—
Vanished superstition's gloom;

O'er our land and glorious Union
Fredom's radiant flag unfurled,
Still our country stands, the asylum
For the oppressed of all the world.

Patriot soldiers of Columbia,
You who led the Union van—
You who wore the proud insignia
Of liberty to every man—
You who placed a grand inscription
On the banners which you bore
And with bright, unstained escutcheon,
Periled life in Freedom's war.

Do you see the sword uplifted
Aiming at your countries life?
See our land dismembered—rifted—
Torn by fratricidal strife.
See you this in dark retrospect
As backward down the aisle of years
You gaze—see you the Union shipwrecked—
Swayed with alternate hopes and fears?

Yes, again 'round grim old Sumpter
Rains the storm of shot and shell;
Stoutest hearts grow faint and falter
When that blow, unlooked for, fell.

Sinks the old flag, torn and tattered,
  While the Palmetto emblem there
O'er its walls by ruin shattered
  Flaunts defiant in the air.

Strong as blow the ocean-trade winds
  O'er the sea or 'gainst the shore,
Quick as simoon from the northlands
  Breaks with fierce and sullen roar,
To disunion doom presaging
  While the hosts of freedom rise—
Hear the storm of conflict raging—
  See, smoke-clouds obscure the skies.

'Twas not for fame nor love of glory
  Patriots fought and patriots died,
Yet their names shall live in story
  Till time shall reach its eventide.
They fought, with blood they paid the ransom,
  Till the old flag from plain to strand,
Now unchallenged, floats in freedom
  O'er an undivided land.

We have gathered to-night in this campfire's glow
  'Til the gray of the coming morning:
Our pickets called in, for we fear no foe
  And we need not the vidette's warning;

For this is the camp of the peaceful home
Where is heard not the sound of battle,
The roar and the howl of the midnight bomb,
Nor the musketry's crash and rattle.

We shall fight no more on the Wilderness front,
Nor the roads corduroy to Yorktown;
Nor repel again in the battle's brunt
The flank moves of "Stonewall Jackson."
We shall never go up with Hooker again
'Mong the storm clouds of Lookout Mountain,
Nor charge the gray host on Antietam's plain
Where blood run like streams from a fountain.

At dark Seven Pines we'll "go in" no more
With Phil Kearney, Howard and Sumner,
Nor Buckner enshroud on the Cumberland's shore
Where Donelson's braves surrender.
We shall march ne'er again on the "Union Trail"
From Atlanta down to the ocean,
Nor at Gettysburg face that iron "death hail"
With a patriots stern devotion.

No, 'tis only in memory we see them now,
These scenes of the long fierce struggle,
For in friendship's constant pledge and vow,
The "Blue and the Gray" now mingle,

And the angel of peace broods over the land,
O'er the hill and the shore and the valley,
And never again shall a hostile band
In the name of disunion rally.

But to-night as we bask in this campfire's glow
Our hearts feel a weight of sorrow.
To our fallen comrades they backward go
And our tears shall their memory hallow;
For away in that land where the whippoorwill notes
Break soft on the air at midnight
And the zephyr's voice in the woodland floats,
They are sleeping in death's dim twilight.

We shall drink no more from "the same canteen"
Nor divide up the last hard cracker,
For the're tenting to-night in that camp unseen
By the flow of the Jasper river.
We too shall tent on that shadowless lea
When the last reveille has sounded,
And a campfire hold near the crystal sea
By comrades of old surrounded;
And Grant will be there with Logan and Mead,
And when ranks are all formed anew
Each shall ride down the lines on a phantom steed
In eternity's great review.

BEYOND THE TWILIGHT.

[The following is respectfully inscribed to James Oder, his brothers and sisters at St. Joseph, Mo., on the death of Robert Oder, having been written in compliance with the request of friends in Cheyenne:]

THEY have laid him to rest by the ceaseless flow
Of the tide of a western river,
Where the autumn winds whisper soft and low
That "his slumber shall be forever."

Yes, Robert has gone from this life away
To the realms of eternal morning,
And you sorrow and weep for a brother to-day
With the past to your minds returning.

Ne'er again to meet him, as when in years
Now gone, when these in childhood,
When you played together 'mid smiles and tears
Through the long sunny days of boyhood.

In all the land no nobler boy
Than the brother of yours departed
Ever lived—his life without alloy—
So kind and so generous hearted.

Yet you look away from this twilight strand
To the land of summer eternal,
Where the whisperless tide gilds the golden sand
Of the shores ever bright and vernal;
And you see him again on the palm tree shore,
Your Robert, in glory standing;
To "the land of the leal" he beckons you o'er—
O'er the surf to the crystal landing

THE OLD PIPE.

YES, boys, I'll admit it don't look well
To be smoking that rusty old pipe;
But I want to explain all about it—
For I tell you I'm one of that stripe
That will stand by an old friend, no matter
What people may think or may say;
And there's naught in the world I can count on
But this pipe I am smoking today.

I've no cattle, no sheep nor fast horses,
And of course have no "wealth" in the bank;
For the ticket I've held in life's lottery
Has somehow turned up as a blank.
I don't mean that I wasn't by nature
Given something to carry me through;
But, in fact, as to stamps and the cattle
I'm out, and you know it is true.

I can see when matters are run right—
When our President does what is just
And our Congressmen 'tend to their duty—
I can tell you, in fact, whom to trust;
But when it comes down to the wealth, boys,
As you know, one and all, I'm not there.
I've not got the "stamps," and won't get them
Except it is done on the square.

In regard to this old pipe, I'll tell you
What a friend and companion it's been:
For years I have carried it always
And smoked it through thick and through thin,
And I tell you I'll never discard it
Nor hide it from sight on the street;
No matter at all whom I see there
I'll smoke, and no odds whom I meet.

For years, because I lacked the money,
I've been ostracized, sneered at and snubbed,
And have been, I am sure, for this reason
With all sorts of bad epithets dubbed.
I'm a wanderer so far as society
Will extend to a fellow a show;
But there's one thing I've got to be glad of—
I have never intruded, you know.

Then, boys, I've been down by the river
Where the dark, troubled waters run deep;
And I've groped thro' the shadowy valley
Where the dead for eternity sleep;
But through all my faults and misfortunes,
With no friends and no hopes that would cheer,
That old pipe, boys, has been my companion—
This rusty old pipe I have here.

No, boys, I will tell you now truly,
It is all that I have in this life—
Nothing else is there here for my comfort;
I've no kindred, no children nor wife,
And there's one thing I want you to promise—
Laugh at it or think what you may—
When they "plant" me put down by my coffin
This old pipe I am smoking today.

THE OLD COMMANDER.

[At the Grant Memorial Services at Cheyenne Opera House, August 8, 1885.]

"LIGHTS out" has been blown! 'twas th
Great Captain's bugle call,
And the tent of our grand Old Commander is
still.
Grant, the tried hero, though not to the musket
ball,
Surrendered in peace to Omnipotent will.

Muffle the snare drum and sack cloth the cannon
wheels,
And dip the old flag as the pageant goes by;
Noiselessly tread, for the heart of each soldier feels
Sad, as we in spirit his casket draw nigh.

No more shall we see him in camp or on battle field,
Nor hear his command to "move by the left flank!"
No more, as when fiercely the cannons' loud thunder pealed,
To ride and inspire each wavering rank.

Yet stay! we *can* see him—behold him in retrospect
At Belmont and Donelson, victor once more;
And on Shiloh's dark field, which his glory shall e'er reflect,
The foe is hurled back from the Tennessee shore

At Raymond he triumphs, while Vicksburg surrenders;
Rock-ribbed Mission ridge now succumbs to his blow—
By the swift Rapidan his artillery thunders,
Presaging the doom of a brave, hostile foe.

I can see him again in the blood-baptized Wilderness
Riding through the dense pines and the thick chapparal;

Though his army is shattered—undismayed and still dauntless
Fights it out on that line with sword, bullet and shell.

On Petersburg's hills and the red slopes of Richmond
He conquers again, and the vic'try is won—
Where brave men in conflict went down by the thousand
And thick battle smoke hid the light of the sun.

On the ensanguined plain of far off Appomatox
The foemen surrender—the last die is cast—
No more war's alarms, sounds of conflict and battle shock
Shall be heard in the land—they are over at last.

Oh, noblest trait of this earth's grandest manhood!
Magnanimous then to Confederate sons.
"We are countrymen now," said he, "and in brotherhood;
Fire no salute, colonel! Silence the guns!"

"Let us have peace," said U. S. Grant to the Nation;
When as president he in our councils held sway.
'Twas accomplished, 'twas vouchsafed, this hoped for fruition—
In unison now march the Blue and the Gray.

But on green Mount McGregor, in life's final struggle,
Our Commander has fallen—gone home with the blest.
Muffle the snare drum—blow softly the bugle—
Blow softly the bugle, disturb not his rest.

Farewell, old Commander. Sleep, sleep by the riverside.
Where the Hudson flows down on its course to the sea.
The roll of its waters, that ceaselessly onward glide,
And laments of a world shall your requiem be.

But no! there's a camp by the marge of the river
That noiselessly sweeps on eternity's plain,

Where pitched is the tent of our brave Old Commander.
And in visions and in dreams we can see him again.

Where pale phantom heroes fall in at the bugle sign,
With Sedgwick, McPherson, Phil Kearney and Meade.
He is still riding on in the wan soldier battle line
Which the grand Old Commander forever shall lead.

THE OLD CHURCH.

[Composed for the occasion and read at the farewell services held in the old Congregational Church, December 5, 1883.]

GOODBYE, old church! at length the time
When we must part with you has come.
We pass from out this door away,
Thy old gray walls leave to decay,
Yet still we pause—we linger here
And shed for thee a farewell tear
Thou cannot to our mem'ries die.
Good bye, old church! good bye! good bye!

The years may roll till lost to view
All vestige of thy form; yet true
To memories of the sacred past
Which sweep before as thick and fast,

We oft in spirit shall return,
And in our bosoms still shall burn
A love that speaks with moistened eye.
Good bye, old church! good bye! good bye!

Thou hast to us our refuge been
While weary and oppressed with sin.
Within these walls we leave to-night
Undimmed has burned a beacon light
That o'er our path has ever shone,
To guide us toward the Master's throne—
A pilot to our home on high.
Goodbye, old church! goodbye! goodbye!

With heavy hearts we leave thee now
Old house, but to His will we bow,
Yet gathered here to come no more,
While pilgrims toward that better shore.
Sweet symptoms of music bring
The past to mind and still we cling
To thee and sadly breath the sigh—
Goodbye, old church! goodbye! goodbye!

Here 'round the altar oft we've met
With friends, though gone we see them yet,
And oft partaken at this shrine
Of bread and sacrificial wine.

Where are they now? gone from this earth,
Passed o'er the Rubicon of death.
With us they whisper from on high,
Goodbye, old church! goodbye! goodbye!

From out these doors the new made bride
Has passed to mingle with the tide
Of life, whose waves uncertain wend,
Yet roll to their appointed end.
Here to the wand'ring, wayward one
Has often come when hope was gone.
Such say to-night and with us vie,
Goodbye, old church! goodbye! goodbye!

And thronging here these bygone years,
The old and young 'mid hopes and fears
Have by this sacred alter stood
And sought the way that leads to God.
Oh may they all when time is passed
Be gathered in the fold at last—
The fold that's built for you and I.
Goodbye, old church! goodbye! goodbye.

Goodbye, old church—no more we'll meet
Where cluster here such memories sweet;
We pass from out thy door away—
Thy old gray walls leave to decay.

Our heartfelt sorrow none can tell
As you we bid our last farewell.
We only speak with moistened eye—
Goodbye old church! goodbye! goodbye!

NEWARK STREET.

IN spirit oft I journey still
Along the slopes of Hartwell hill
Where in the by-gone boyhood days
I joined the urchins in their plays.
The little church—the school house old—
I once again their spires behold
As long ago when life was sweet
I wandered through old Newark Street.

And to my vision oft appears
Like sunbeams from the fleeting years,
Faces of old—they seem to come
And welcome me to that old home
Of those who long ago were dead.
I seem to hear their noiseless tread
As when of old they came to greet
Me in the walks of Newark Street.

I see the swallows swiftly fly,
Again I hear the linnet's cry—
And romping on the village green
The children at their plays are seen;
And from the fields across the way
Come slowly loads of new mown hay.
At open doors again I meet
Friends of my youth in Newark Street.

And yet while coming o'er and o'er
These faces I shall see no more,
I wake and understand what seems
Reality, comes but in dreams;
And to those scenes 'neath Hartwell hill,
Where sacred recollections dwell,
As long ago I must repeat:
Farewell to you, old Newark Street.

THE GREAT SPIRITS FACE IS DARK

HERE once roamed the warlike red men,
But their council fires are low;
Soon they'll cease to burn forever—
Soon expire their fitful glow;
Falls their power before the paleface—
"The Great Spirit's face is dark."
Of the old time war path glory
Scarce remains a vital spark.

Soon they'll journey grimly onward
To that reservation vast,
Which remains for them unceded
When the chase of life is past.
Their canoes e'en now are pointed
Toward that shore whence comes no sound—
Where they'll pitch their wolf-skin tepees
In the "Happy Hunting Ground."

LITTLE MAC.

ONCE again has the grim, pale harvester
Fallen in where the veterans tramp,
And has gone with our first commander,
"Little Mac," to the mystic camp.
He has passed by the wan picket outpost
And has given the true countersign,
And pitched is his tent where a patriot host
Bivouac on eternity's line.

Yes; McClellan, his soldiers' ideal
Of the chivalrous patriot knight,
Their faith and their watchward in battle,
Their rallying cry in the fight,
Has fallen asleep, ne'er to waken,
And succumbed to the greatest of foes;
And in peace which shall never be broken,
Laid at rest where the Delaware flows.

When the storm-cloud of warfare and contest
Swept through the whole length of our land,
And the old Union ship in the tempest
Was approaching the lee, shore and strand,
Little Mac cut in twain Old Dominion
Which through the whole land sent a thrill,
And brought the west half to the Union
By his courage and consummate skill.

Who created and trained that grand army
Which the final and great triumph gained;
And the flag, in defeat and in victory
Ever carried untarnished—unstained?
'Twas McClellan, whose loss we are mourning,
Who gave it a prestige an name
Which, as bright as the sun in the morning,
Shall e'er shine on the tablet of fame.

I can see him once more with that legion
As we charged through the dark Seven Pines,
And at Yorktown, Williamsburg, Malvern,
As victor ride down the long lines.
He triumphs again at South Mountain,
And the foemen its rocky crest yield;
And though blood flowed like streams from a fountain
Saves the Union on Antietam's field.

But Little Mac's battles are ended;
He will marshal his hosts no more
'Neath the flag he so nobly defended
By the distant Potomac's shore.
He has passed by the wan picket outposts
And has given the true countersign
And pitched now his tent where a patriot host
Bivouac on eternity's line.

THE DEAR OLD CRADLE.

[Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Houseman—Published in 1883.]

MOTHER, as I came along home to-night
I paused for a moment way down the street,
And while I stood there in the fading light
Thoughts came to my mind both bitter and sweet;
"And, wife, when I thought of the years now fled
I couldn't restrain the falling tears,
And back o'er the pathway my mem'ry sped—
Clear back on a journey of thirty years.

"And I think of our Willie, our black eyed boy
That we buried back there on Rock Island's hill—
Our first little darling, our pride and joy—
Our own little Willie—I see him still.

To-night I go back on the wings of thought,
And, mother, I think how it might have been;
And a glimpse once more in my dreams I've caught
Of the dear old cradle we rocked him in.

"Now, mother, keep quiet—just let me speak
And when I get through—why, then you can talk.
I don't know but some folks would call me weak,
But all such people can take a walk.
Had our Willie lived to become a man
What a help to me, for I tell you, wife,
Though I'm trying to do the best I can
I begin to grow sick of this world's hard strife.

"I know that the others are dear to us
That we rocked in that cradle where we rocked Will,
And it might have been prob'ly a great deal worse
For our child now asleep on that distant hill;
For the world is bad, so the preachers say,
Though I don't believe more than half they preach—
Our Willie, perhaps, would have gone astray
In spite of the good that *you* could teach."

"Well, Henry, I often am thinking too
Of Willie, who left us so long ago.
I dream of him, Henry, the same as you—
Our first born darling—we loved him so.
Though many long years have rolled around
Bringing to both of us joy and pain,
Yet in fancy I hear it—the creaking sound
Of that dear old cradle we rocked him in.

"And a good many times when the shadows fall,
While the night creeps 'round our quiet home
Bringing its needed rest to all,
My heart to his little grave will roam.
But, Henry, 'twi!l never do to grieve—
Let's remember, while here on this earth we dwell,
These words of Scripture—they give relief;
You know them: "He doeth all things well."

"Wait, mother, right there! I'm half inclined
To think there's a good deal in that book
To use a slang phrase I've now in mind,
That's nonsense and but the merest "truck."
When I think how Willie was taken away,
Our black eyed boy, there under the sod—
Sometimes to myself, at least, I say:
I doubt very much if there is a God."

"Henry, stop right there! dont talk such stuff,
Though Willie is here in our mem'ry yet;
While the way seems rugged and sometimes rough,
And his little grave we shall not forget—
There's a God, I am sure—a God of love—
Though all of His ways we perhapse don't see,
He rules over all, below and above,
And has built a mansion for you and me.

"Don't you remember that time gone by?
Let me see—'twas past thirty years ago
When together we walked—yes, you and I,
And you spoke some words that were soft and low;
You promised me then not to prove untrue,
And invoked the Deity's chastening rod;
Though all unseen and hidden from view,
You thought then, Henry, there was a God.

"See that hand, Henry, then round and fair?
It's rough and shriveled and faded now
And the threads of silver are in the hair
That clusters around my wrinkled brow;

But I gave you, Henry, that little hand
And have ever since journeyed close by your side
As happy as any in all the land,
Ne'er regretting the day I became your bride.

"We have sometimes had our spats, of course,
As husband and wife will always do;
But we took each other for better or worse.
I was often wrong and so were you,
And although the pathway was sometimes hard
We have traveled on through smiles and tears;
And you know, Henry, we're now on the road
That is leading us down the declining years.

"There are left to us, Henry, our children dear,
We rocked in the cradle where Willie lay;
They are married and living around us here
And we ought to be happy the livelong day.
I had rather our Willie should sleep in the grave
Than to see him fall in the world's hard strife
As he might have done, with no power to save
From leading a low or a drunkard's life.

"Yes, Henry, together we've both grown old
As hand in hand we have traveled on
United by ties more precious than gold
Until the journey is almost done.

We shall soon pass down to the river's shore
And float o'er the surf to our distant home
Where sorrow and parting will come no more,
To wait till the rest of our loved ones come.

"And when we pass through the open gates,
Right close to the entrance, we'll find him there;
For Willie I know, for our coming waits—
Our black eyed Willie so bright and fair;
And Henry, we'll find him there just the same—
Just as pure and sweet and free from sin
As when long ago he first tottering came
From that dear old cradle we rocked him in."

THE CONTINGENT FUND.

HAVE you heard! have you heard!
Of our last legislature?
The eleventh one in number
Is the one that I mean.
Not in the past and I doubt
If in the future
A finer class of members
In Assembly will be seen.

But when the Solons came to
The contingency question
They had a falling out—
Failed to compromise at all.
The question was the size
Of the fund appropriation.
Some claimed it was too large—
Others said it was to small.

On the question of bigger or smaller,
They couldn't agree if they'd try,
And between six bits and a dollar
Both houses adjourned *sine die*.

IN THE SOUP.

THE sherriff went into the jail one day
To hear what the prisoners had to say;
He found them all in a terrible flurry—
Both tramp and pickpocket seemed in a worry.
The sherriff flew into a furious rage
And instantly ordered them into the "cage."
"What means this," he yelled—they replied from the "coop"
"Great Cæsar, the bean has got into the soup!"

EMANCIPATION DAY.

[Read at an Emancipation Celebration in 1884.]

A RACE was enslaved, and for two hundred years
It had pleaded in vain in bondage and tears
For the freedom belonging to all men by right;
But the plea availed not through that pro-slavery night.

But stay—there's a conflict—the old Union rocks
From circumference to center by stern battle shocks;
While Abraham Lincoln speaks forth to the nation
In the immortal words of the great proclamation:
"All men shall be free, and the Union unbroken
Shall be preserved," were the words that were spoken;
"The clanking of slave-chains shall be heard never more,
For lib'rty must rule the American shore."

Then freedom's loud battle-cry stirred the whole land
From the rivers and lakes to the far ocean's strand.
Fain to fight for the Union came brave men and true
While white and black both wore the patriot blue.

The contest is ended—and enslaved men are free—
And our flag floats in peace o'er the land and on sea
And peans of joy are now heard in the place
Where once rose the cries of a slavery-doomed race.

And this day shall ever in history live,
For colored men all shall their grand tribute give
To Lincoln and Grant, now asleep in their graves,
For the word and the sword that made free men of slaves.

GOODBYE, OLD TOWN.

[The following was written after the author had set the day for his departure from Cheyenne. As a singular illustration of the fact that situations are not always what they seem to be, it may be mentioned that the day but one following that on which these lines were written he was unanimously placed in nomination for the position which he now holds—not by his own but by the other political party—and elected by the highest vote given to any of the candidates in the field for that particular office, although the author's political convictions were well known and explained by him to the convention making the nomination:]

GOODBYE, old town! shadows of night,
Like Cossacks, chase the fading light
From out my room devoid of cheer,
Wherein fanciful shapes appear
And thoughts born of sepulchral gloom
Unbidden to my spirit come;
For soon the hour—at hand the day—
When I'll be roaming far away.

Goodbye, old town! and unto you
To-night I breathe a last adieu—
Here once my hopes were anchored all
Ere spectre hands wrote on the wall;
Long years I've sought, yet all in vain,
Th' inscription to re-write again—
Though men may float where waters glide
'Tis hard to pull against the tide.

Goodbye, old town! yet thoughts torment
That to my troubled mind are sent—
Though misconceived my walk and life
A monster grim I met in strife;
No crime I wrought, except I left
The grave of one tenant bereft—
While better men fell by the way
Demons I cheated of their prey.

Goodbye, old town! no tears I shed
At leaving thee, since hopes are dead—
Tears are the things I do not crave—
To these I ne'er have been a slave.
From out this cheerless room I go—
Sarcophagus of childish woe—
To roam where ostracism's breath
May no more be my living death.

Goodbye, old town! what *seem* to be
But ill spent years I leave with thee.
Both to my friends and foes I bid
An unreluctant, swift God speed—
Friendship to all, malice to none,
In thought I leave you, one by one.
Old town! while 'tis my last adieu
My heart will oft return to you;
For soon the hour—at hand the day—
When I'll be roaming far away.

COME TO THE BAL MASQUE.

COME one and come all
To the masquerade ball
Which we printers are giving to-night;
And dance while you're there
With the ladies so fair
From dark till the morning's gray light.

Yes, come and attend—
Your assistance please lend—
For we are a jolly brave crew;
And we work night and day
Tiring not in the way
Of type-setting the gossip for you.

We shall have the best band
To be found in the land
That will render good music and sweet;

Decorations profuse
We shall purchase and use,
And in no respect will we be beat.

We've but one life to live
And 'tis better to give
Than receive, we have oft heard it said;
Then smile while you can
Every lady and man,
And attend our grand ball masquerade.

A HYMN.

TUNE—Jesus Lover of My Soul.

[Written on the spur of the moment at the request of a supposed crank, to whom a copy was given.]

LIFE is flitting fast away;
Soon we'll pass this desert drear,
Though we journey day by day
Where the leaves are dead and sear;
Yet in Heaven there is a home
Where our Father dwells on high,
And He bids His children come
To His mansions in the sky.

What is life without the star
Shining on our earthly road?
Pointing toward the "gates ajar"
Leading to the throne of God.

Let us, then, though pilgrims now,
Heed the Master's changeless word;
Soon our souls he will endow
And our faithfulness reward.

Let no dark forebodings speak
To our souls—be not afraid—
Mortal man is blind and weak,
Still our trust in God is staid.
Christ himself will come again
To the ransomed here below,
And in triumph he will reign
Where the living waters flow.

NOT GONE FOREVER.

[Written by request of the Old Pioneer organization on the death of Mrs. Samuel Sparhawk.]

INTO the shadows of mystery flitting
From this storm beaten shore to a land far away—
Gone is her spirit, all sorrow forgetting—
'Tis but dust that in sadness we follow to-day.

Not emblems of mourning—sad symbols of sorrow—
Could picture the grief of that desolate heart
When over her life fell the veil and the shadow
And came the sad message: "From her you must part."

But let not the gloom of the grave e'er appal you.
This—this is not death, 'tis the morning of life—

The soul has the valley triumphantly passed
through—
She lives far removed from all cares and all strife.

To the loved ones who mourn for a mother de-
parted
She whispers to them in their sorrow and pain:
"Oh, weep not for me and be not broken-hearted;
In our Father's own home I will meet you again.

For him who to-day mourns his chosen companion
With whom he has journeyed for many long
years
From the bloom and the flowers of youth's sunny
region—
On whose head the white frost of winter ap-
pears,

There is comfort, as here in the gorge of life's
foothills
That lie at the base of the snowy divide,
(Though it seems to him full the measure of sor-
row fills),
She is with him in spirit and walks by his side.

By the hand she will lead him across the steep
mountain
To the prairie that lies in perennial bloom—
Where the waters of life ever flow from the foun-
tain
To a rest there forever at peace and at home.

THE OLD AMERICAN HOUSE.

[Dedicated to the Cheyenne Fire Department and members of the First Wyoming Legislature who supported the Woman Suffrage bill.]

DID you hear the sound of the whistle and bell?
Loud breaking in on the midnight air!
And list! 'mid the din to that sudden yell,
'Tis that dread alarm! 'tis the cry of "fire!"

"Fire! fire! fire! fire!" how the cry rings out.
Rousing up people all over the town.
"Tis the American House!" is the prolonged shout—
"The old-time land mark is going down!"

"Let's rally and save it, for God's sake, boys!"
Rang out the voice of the fireman chief;
'Twas heard 'mid the thundering din and noise—
"Don't let the structure, boys, come to grief!"

Though hopeless, they fought in the losing game—
Alerts, Hooks and Durants with furious tramp;
And hurrying to battle, the Sheridans came
All the way down from the distant camp.

Nobly they battled, those fireman brave,
As the flames glared up toward the midnight sky,
The old time structure to succor and save,
While anxious thousands had gathered nigh.

Alas! all in vain! the flames roll on!
No human power can their progress stay;
And the old American House went down
That had stood the test for many a day.

Oh that some eloquent pen would write
An eulogy over the ashes now
Of the land mark old, which succumbed that night,
Where to-day its ruin is lying low.

Well worthy was it of a better fate,
This grim, gray structure of many a year;
For old recollections cling 'round the spot
And historic memories cluster here.

In days when the Indians used to come
Clear up to where the old "Round House"
stands,
Striking terror to many a Cheyenne home,
'Twas by brave men reared with daring hands.

When the Magic City grew out of the plain
Here 'neath the border land's sunny skies,
This structure old we shall see ne'er again
Was numbered among the first to rise.

And gathering here from every clime
From the inland seas and the ocean's shore
Men had come out here in that olden time
To work and traffic and delve for ore.

There was not in the sweep of the border land,
Though young and rising almost alone,
Such an empire—reaching out stately and grand
To the wonder world of the Yellowstone,

As was founded here by the daring men
That came to seek fortune, fame and home
Where the paleface e'er had seldom been
And none but the bravest dared to come.

In that structure old, now naught but dust,
The first Legislative Assembly met
To preform a duty and keep its trust,
Though adjourned *sine die*—lives its spirit yet.

To Wyoming it gave a first code of laws,
Not presuming to come as the statesman's gift;
But sagacious and wise and in the good cause
Of a new ship of state scarcely set adrift.

Of the laws that were passed in that building old,
Some are repealed and others stand
More precious than gems of purest gold
And spreading in spirit o'er all the land.

A century's tide has been rolling by
Since the march of Liberty first begun—
When our fathers declared to "do or die,"
And the battle for right was fought and won.

But in that structure to dust gone down
Was vouchsafed to the men who gathered there
To give full Liberty's spotless crown
To women, as well as men, to wear.

And the cry that ascended from Boston's plain
When patriots smote the oppressors' rod,

Had its echo out here from the mountain chain
That was heard clear up to the throne of God.

When the bill came up many thought and said:
"Why, this is naught but the merest joke;
These Solons are probably out of their head;"
But they changed their minds when the leader spoke.

There was Bright and Abney and Whitehead too;
And with them was brave old "Uncle John;"
They were leaders, then---they were firm and true,
And united they fought till the work was done.

With others they stood there day and night,
And fought for the measure, (as some men will),
Till at length in the cause of truth and right
They triumphed at last and carried the bill.

And like those patriot men of yore,
Representative's true, of a former age
Whose labors here long ago were o'er,
Their names shall appear on history's page.

May the rights then won ne'er again be lost,
But endure forever and happiness bring.

May the spirit that lurks in this smoldering dust
To these foothills aud mountains forever cling.

Enfranchised daughters, come gather here—
Here where the time honored structure stood,
And shed to its mem'ry a single tear
While your thanks go up to the living God.

Though in ruin, it was your Liberty shrine;
You who had no rights which your Maker gave;
And a chaplet of beautiful flowers entwine
To be laid by you in its ashen grave.

When a grander edifice springs on high,
Towering up toward the arch of heaven,
O'er the ruins that now here in ashes lie,
May "Liberty Block" for its name he given.

THE RETROSPECT.

[Read at the celebration of the tenth anniversary of Rev. C. M. Saucher's pastorate of the Congregational Church, October 18, 1885.]

THEY had stood by the shrine of the Crucified One;
Their numbers were few—some less than a score—
As the grand, stately march of Empire begun
To sweep toward the far-away "Golden Gate" shore.
Though peril hung grim on this alkali plain
And men charged up lives to the profit and loss,
These few here were gathered, their lives without stain;
A small, forlorn hope, round the sanctified cross.

Who will come as their leader—their pastorate take?
For the work will be great and the recompense small.

Who shall to this people the bread of life break—
In the name of the Master respond to this call?
From a thousand miles east the answer quick came:
"I'll go to Cheyenne, if I'm paid not a cent,"
Said Clarendon Sanders. "I'll go in God's name,
Though I tie on my scalp and sleep out in a tent."

He came to our midst and the bread of life broke
While the brave little flock put the whole armor on.
And when to the people the new pastor spoke,
The saint and the cowboy, e'en Chinaman John,
Gave heed to his words and became better men;
While fast round the altar a multitude drew
Aud hope inspired those who despondent had been
When the cold, cheerless winds of adversity blew.

Behold! from his works a new edifice springs.
See its symbol of faith pointing up to the sky?
Though joy to the pastor and people it brings,
Yet they bid to the "old church" a tearful good-bye;
For in days that had passed 'twas their only church home

And sacred experience they ne'er could forget,
As oft they had worshipped beneath its gray dome.
It went out on the plains and is standing there yet.

Ten swift rolling years have gone by since the day
When the new pastar came to this parish forlorn.
Through this decade of time he has fought all the way
And successtully, grandly, the banner upborne,
With Israel's God for his faith and his trust;
Idolatrous forms in the temple of Bael
He has helped to cast down, to commune with the dust
That righteousness might in their places prevail.

In this church what a work have the faithful not done?
For the fires sacredotal burn brighter each year.
They, by faith, have the race of the true Christian run,
And weary hearts oft have been given good cheer.

"For the good of the church" many young Christians stand
'Round the foot of the cross and ne'er falter nor tire;
And heard here is music in symphonies grand
From voices that vie with an angelic choir.

Around us are those who have wandered afar
From the homesteads old with their memories sweet—
No fond mother's love for a guiding star
To point out the path for their wayward feet.
But one by one, as they venture this way
Where a beacon light shines—may it shine evermore—
Where God's children meet to worship and pray—
They are welcomed all at this wide church door.

But, as you have gathered this autumn night—
Anniversary time of an era new—
Some are not here 'neath this festal light,
Companions and friends who were pure and true,
For the new-made bride, in her bridal dress,
Lies calmly asleep up there on the hill;
And the noble Johnson, whose name you bless,
In that voiceless city lies cold and still.

As we look to-night some faces are gone,
For a boat came across with a boatman grim;
They embarked from the shore with the pilot wan
And have sailed o'er the surf of the river with him.
They've passed through the gates of the "City of Gold,"
Where its amber-hud domes and its minarets rise,
And peace have they found amid pleasures untold
In that summer land region beyond the skies.

Yes, ten swift-rolling years have gone by since that day
When the new pastor came to this parish forlorn;
Through this decade of time he has fought all the way
And successfully, grandly, the banner upborne;
Proving faithful and true in the years that are past,
Ever pointing the way to the golden shore.
May he still be with you; his pastorate last,
And as leader continue thrice ten years more.

COMING HOME FROM SCHOOL.

UP the old sunken road, where the red blossom alders
And raspberry bushes grew thick by the way;
Long ago, in the years that have come and departed,
When the sunlight grew dim at the close of each day
Tired children trudged home from the shingle-patched school house
Now gone to decay, but for fifty odd years
That stood where the wind through the bows of the hemlock
Seemed whisp'ring of life, with its smiling and tears.

And there, nestled up under the gray, barren hillside,
A cottage—'twas small, unpretentious and old;
And close by its door grew the snow bells and clover,

Their bloom blending soft with buttercups' gold.
From the sill down the slope ran a trail through the "dooryard,"
A pathway, though narrow, well-trodden and straight,
That stopped at the point where the farm-road ran past it,
At the post where once swung the old, rickety gate.

And as oft the beams of the radient sunshine
O'er the hills to the west were beginning to fade,
Down that path, to the roadway, walked slowly a mother—
In her face just the tinge of a life-weary shade—
And there, where the path became merged in the highway,
Oft anxiously watching, the fond mother stood,
To give to her children a dear, kindly greeting
As they trudged home from school, up the olden farm road.

All their school entailed sorrows were healed and forgotten
By her kisses, imprinted on each little face
When they came, and she told how the Infinite Father

Would guide them through life, and impart to
them grace
To o'ercome and withstand every sinful tempta-
tion—
Temptations to violate God's golden rule;
And the love-light beamed soft in the face of that
mother
When her children came up the old farm road
from school.

But there came a sad time when the true, faithful
mother
Stood not where the path and the old roadway met,
For angels of peace, robed in beauty resplendent,
Came over one day ere the summer sun set,
From a land by the shore of the sea that is surfless,
Where the pure and true shall forever be blest—
And the loved one went home borne by white-
pinion angels,
To her whisp'ring softly, "Come, weary one, rest."

By that old farm road yet grow the bushes and
alders;
But left in neglect for these many long years—
Where once stood the cottage up under the hillside
To-day not a trace of its ruin appears;
And scattered abroad from their childhood's old
homestead

Roam the children, far out on the journey of life—
On time's tide of years with its mystery drifting;
Despondent sometimes in this earth-weary strife.

Oft comes to them now in their visions and dreaming,
A picture of old with its joy and its pain;
And back from that little gray, storm-beaten school house,
Up the old farm road home they are trudging again—
And the snow bells that grew 'mid the blue and white clover,
By that path through the dooryard are blooming there still;
And in fancy they see her—the kind, faithful mother—
By the gate near that cottage up under the hill.

Yet vain are these visions—illusive this dreaming—
For that mother today by the City of Light
Sits peacefully there in a pearl-corniced cottage,
And waits for her children's glad coming in sight;
And every eve, by a gate made of jasper,
She is standing and watching, as when she once stood
In the years long ago, to extend them her greeting
When they came home from school up the olden farm road.

THE CHEYENNE & NORTHERN R. R.

[TUNE—"Marching Through Georgia."]

LET'S give three cheers, and loud, my boys!
We'll give them good and strong!
The Cheyenne Northern Railroad
Is now pushing right along;
And this shall be the tenor and the
Chorus of our song
While we are marching together:
Hurrah! hurrah! then for the Northern Road!
Hurrah! hurrah! they're turning up the sod!
Whereon the Sioux and Jayhawkers for years
The war path trod
While we were marching together.

They will build a spur to Hartville where
The finest ores are found.
The engineers and contractors are
Staking out the ground.

Of blasting shocks and picks and plows
We soon will hear the sound
While we are marching together.
Hurrah! hurrah! then for the Northen Road!
Hurrah! hurrah! they're turning up the sod!
Whereon the Sioux and Jayhawkers for
Years the war path trod
While we were marching together.

BETHLEHEM'S MARTYR.

[Composed expressly for, dedicated to and recited by Miss Leontine Abney, (then a little girl), at Christmas exercise held in the First Presbyterian Church in 1883.]

THE world was lost; sins blighting curse
Stalked through Judea's wilderness;
Death sat on the shores of the eastern sea
And sang in the surf of Galilee;
Dark superstition held dreadful sway,
Marring and hiding the light of day—
Such a gloomy night had ne'er been seen
As encompassed the plains of Palestine.

But behold! the Magi sages saw
A "Star in the East"—they were filled with awe;
They were wise men all, but it guided them
To the beautiful groves of Bethlehem,
For there near the grave where Rachael slept
By the vale where the sluggish Kedron crept,

Where the Dead sea's waves were full in sight,
Our infant Saviour was born that night.

Yes, Jesus who came from the "House of Bread"
Though he had not a place to lay his head
Went forth, a benighted world to save;
His life and blood to freely give—
He healed the sick and fed the poor,
As from place to place and door to door
He went on his pilgrimage alone
'Till the seed of redemption was fully sown.

He saved the world; yet was crucified;
On the cross of Calvary Jesus died—
He died for me and he died for you.
Alas, that we should prove untrue
To one whose precious blood was shed
With a crown of thorns upon His head,
To wash from our hearts each sinful stain
That you and that I might live again.

Like Mary, who wept while standing there
And was first to come to the sepulchre,
Though a little girl, may I not forget
That Jesus is mine and is pleading yet—

Pleading that sinners may come on high,
Way up to his home in the starry sky
Where a home we'll find, all sin forgiven,
Inside of the pearly gate of Heaven.

"Tarry ye here and watch with me,"
Said Jesus in dark Gethsemane.
To us doth he now these words repeat:
"Come children all to the Saviour's feet;"
And when at last we shall all go home
And into our Master's presence come,
Jesus will clasp each little hand;
And Oh, may we be an unbroken band.

MAMMA WAS TIRED AND WENT TO SLEEP.

[Years ago, the old Grout house, still standing on the shores of Lake Minnehaha, was struck by lightning during the prevalence of a severe thunder storm and the mother of two little children, who were asleep at the time, was instantly killed. She was not disfigured, and the little ones thought she had fallen asleep while sitting in her chair. They tried to wake her, and when assistance came the eldest exclaimed, with tears in her eyes: "Mamma was tired and went to sleep." They, even at the funeral, tried to awake her, not understanding what death meant.]

"MAMMA was tired and went to sleep;
Oh, we've tried so hard to wake her up!"
Said a little child as she tried to keep
The tears from falling that would not stop.
She did not know that the tired one
Had bowed forever her weary head,
That her first and truest friend was gone,
And her spirit away from its clay had fled.

For a bolt came down as the children slept
Cosy and warm in their little cot,
While mamma a watchful vigil kept
There by this loved and sacred spot,
The summons to go from hence away
Came with that flash from the o'ercast sky;
'Twas read to the mother at close of day
When the storm king swept with the message by.

No, little one; no, you cannot wake
Mamma again, 'tis her last repose;
No more will the storms around her break,
Over her life no bleak wind blows
As sinks the sun in the golden west,
When the shades of night begin to creep.
The angels took her away to rest;
Mamma was tired and went to sleep.

How many mothers are tired to-night,
Wearily, wearily toiling on
In the dusk of the evening's fading light—
By the dim gray mist of the morning dawn,
Of whom perchance it may soon be true,
While they sow the seed where loved ones reap
When memory makes its last review:
Mamma was tired and went to sleep.

I have seen the mother, whose silvered hair
Shaded a furrowed and careworn brow,
Working and toiling year by year
Alone, for her hungry flock; and now
By the open grave of this one I stand
While the little ones turn aside to weep,
And think as they reach for her vanished hand:
"Mamma was tired and went to sleep."

I have seen the wreck of a wasted life,
Gray haired, weary, deserted and old,
Who fell in the worlds unceasing strife,
Borne to the earth by remorse untold.
For him no "light in the window" gleams
From a mother's hand for her long lost sheep,
And sometimes at night the old man dreams:
"Mother was tired and went to sleep."

Wayward wanderers, to and fro
Far from the dear old homestead hearth,
Tottering ever as on you go
Down to the cesspool walks of earth—
Think ere you yield to the tempter's sway—
Think ere you take the fatal leap
Of the mother now gone for many a day—
The tired mother who went to sleep.

We totter away from the cradle's side
When the journey of life has just begun,
And drift with the stream of human tide
Which down to the tomb keeps rolling on.
But when the portals of death are past
With its gloomy shadows so dark and deep,
We shall live again and wake at last,
Like the tired mother who went to sleep.

In a land far off by the tideless sea
Where the purple hills are ever in bloom
Stands a city that's built for you and me,
Where the weary ones are gathering home.
And the Master, true to his changeless word,
His ransomed children will safely keep
Where those mournful words are never heard:
"Mamma was tired and went to sleep."

THE ROUND-UP FOREMAN.

THE ride on the range is over,
Corraled is the round-up train;
And one there is of our number
Who will ride with us ne'er again.

Called hence by the round-up foreman
To ride on the range with him
In the sweep of that summer region
That lies in the distance dim.

There's a riderless horse still standing
By the gate of the old corral,
And impatiently looks for the coming
Of the rider he loved so well.

All tenantless now is the "dobie,"
With weeds grown up by the way;
And the coyotes around in the debris
Have rustled for many a day.

And a story they tell in secret—
Of course it is all untrue—
But as I have heard them tell it
I repeat it again to you.

Way up in the canyon gorges,
When the zephyrs and night winds blow,
Are heard mysterious voices,
Their murmurs but soft and low.

And they seem to say as they whisper:
"The foreman will still ride on,
For his round-up over the river
Has scarcely as yet begun."

And at night, as no man has ridden,
There is oftimes seen to ride
The pale, grim round-up foreman
Adown from the Great Divide.

And heard the din of his midnight tramp
Rounding along the sweep,
Out on the verge of the round-up camp,
Where the coyotes their vigils keep.

We'll all go o'er to the great round-up
And ride on the distant range

Some day be called to make the trip
When cometh the last great change.

This comrade gone we will meet again
Whom we miss in our camp to-day—
Who traveled afar from the cactus plain
To the range lying far away.

Then corraled be the train by the river
Where eternity's roses bloom,
And never again—no, never,
Will the round-up foreman come.

HELEN C. KNIGHT.

[Miss Knight, well known to many here, was the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Joseph Knight, Esq. She died at the St. Joseph, Missouri, May 30, 1889, but her remains were brought to Cheyenne for interment.]

GONE from this earth—gone far away,
Thy sweet young face no more we see:
As blushing morn is merged in day,
So passed the brightness born of thee.

A lovely flower thou came'st to bloom
Awhile in efflorescence here,
Though know we thou hast but gone home,
We cannot check the falling tear.

The halo of thy jeweled mind,
Rich stored with gems of purest thought
O where again shall we e'er find
The gracefulness thy presence brought.?

We pause beside thy new made grave,
In reverence we bow the head
We bless thee for that life which gave
A peace that lives though thou art dead.

Art dead? no, no! thou livest on,
Sweetly within the memory,
Though thou, to dwell, from us hast gone
To realms of immortality.

Yes, beautious one, thy mem'ry sweet
A peaceful, holy calmness gives
Thy life—though long before we meet
Within the heart forever lives.

MOSHIER'S LAMENT.

[For the brutal murder of John H. Wensel and the attempted murder of James Knight, which occurred on the morning of September 12, 1883, near Fort Russell, Henry Moshier was lynched on the night of September 17, a large body of masked men breaking into the jail and taking him thence to a telegraph pole at the corner of Nineteenth and Eddy Streets, where he was hung. The affair created much excitement in Cheyenne at the time—there being no doubt, however, of Moshier's guilt. By mistake when Wensel was buried the headboard put up at his grave was labelled "James Knight." Some years later Knight also died in Colorado, probably from the effects of the terrible blow received on the head at the time of the tragedy.]

MY God, I can hear them! They come; yes, they come!
And, oh! I must meet my rich merited doom.
The judgment is rendered, the death warrant signed,
For the blood of poor Wensel cries up from the ground.

The avenger's tribunal has adjourned *sine die*
That assembled *en masse* wretched Moshier to try.

Great God! hear those blows and the stamping of feet!
And I unprepared this stern fiat to meet.
Are there none to rescue from this awful fate?
But the echoed response came, "Too late! yes, too late!"
There's affixed to their warrant the vig'lante seal
And from this decree there can be no appeal.

Oh, Wensel! poor Wensel! your blood's on my head!
Like you, in the grave I'll soon make my last bed.
Why did I redden my hands in your blood
And cite you before the tribunal of God?
Oh, my brain reals with frenzy – yes, break down the door!
When death comes to rescue my troubles are o'er.

From the infernal regions ye demons come up
And snatch from my lips this one last bitter cup;
Ha! you laugh at my raving with mimicking scorn!
The anguish with which this poor bosom is torn

Stay! with calmness my fate I will meet if I can,
And—perhaps after all I may die like a man.

Yes! yes, I can hear you—work on! strike away!
You'll an entrance effect ere the dawning of day!
But a few moments longer of life yet remains,
Then hushed be forever the clank of my chains
And my lost, condemned spirit polluted will go
To its doom in the volcanic regions of woe.

Oh, the years of my childhood—how happy they
were;
The rememberance of them doth my memory
stir—
As the birds of the morning are vocal with song
I winged my glad pilgrimage all the day long.
But those days are long past and can never return,
Yet the thoughts of those years in my memory
burn.

Had I heeded the counsel a loved mother gave
When I clasped her thin hand on the verge of the
grave,
Or a father's advice often given to me
Ere he entered the shadows of death's mystery,
This stern retribution would not have been mine,
Here waiting the vig'lante hangman's grim sign.

By the devious path I have made in this life
I've faltered too oft in the uncertain strife—
Admonitions unheeded with scorn I have spurned,
And the dictates of conscience I never have learned.
Poison ivy and thorns have grown up on the way—
I've been held in their meshes for many a day.

My moments are few—I'm approaching the last
When my sorrow'll be over, my agony past—
My clay will soon lie 'neath the cactus crowned turf
And my soul speed away o'er the fathomless surf.
I expect not an angel as guide to be given,
And in vain I shall look for an entrance to Heaven.

No funeral cortage—no tolling of bells—
No chaplet of roses or white immortelles
Will be laid by kind hands upon my lifeless breast
When they carry me hence to oblivious rest.
There'll be none to follow, no friends will be near,
And the sod o'er my head moistened not with a tear.

Hear that crash, and those shots! oh, my God, here they are!
And I curse them because they have not come before—

Yes, I'm ready to go; but stay until dawn.
In regard to poor Wensel, I'll write it all down;
Grant more time, I pray, for this last fatal step
That my fate I may meet with unquivering lip.

You refuse me—yet fain would I try to atone
For all the dark deeds which in life I have done.
No respite is granted; 'tis well; yes, 'tis well—
Launch me into the red seething cauldron of hell.
Your threats, ye avengers, I hear all in vain,
For Mosbrier no more will be heard to complain.

I will go, yes; I'll go to the dread, fatal spot.
Don't handle me roughly; oh! boys, drag me not.
Here at last, to the place of my death I have
come.
Oh! do not delay; send me swift to my doom.
Grim angel of death, dismal, ghastly and pale,
Draw 'round my dim vision, the sepulchre's veil.

Good bye, all the friends of this life that I've met;
And my crimes, if you can, please forgive and for-
get.
My wife! oh! my wife! you have ever been true;
A farewell eternal I breathe unto you.
I remember you still, to my last dying breath—
Have mercy! my God! this is death! oh! 'tis
death!

TO A YOUNG LADY.

THE purest gifts that e'er came from the hand
Devine
Have been vouchsafed to thee and they are thine,
In form and feature enchanting as an Houri fair.
And eyes that scintillate with beauty rare.

Yet all the girlhood charms that nature did im-
part,
Rival not the worth and graces of the heart
And mind, that halo-like seem to encompass thee
And crown thee with a maiden's truest dignity.
Since thou art here
Can nature e'er again bestow
Gifts like thine to any here below?

But why should I these simple lines to thee in-
dict?
Yet stay, there's naught in any line or word I write

To indicate the beautious gem I mean
Than whom no nobler one will e'er be seen.
Thy voice oft have I heard sweet as the Night-
ingale;
But for such as me, 'twould be of no avail
To even think—a crime thy name to give—
Higher thy sphere than that in which I live.

BUNNY.

[Little Irene Caldwell.]

BLACK-EYED, roguish little "Bunny,"
None e'er yet so cute and funny;
Happy, happy all the day,
With her studies or at play—
I can only, only say:
Black eyed, roguish little Bunny.

Sweetest little face has Bunny,
Always smiling, always sunny.
When we meet, without demand
Gives me e'er her little hand;
'Tis not hard to understand
Black-eyed, roguish little Bunny.

Oft disputes I have with Bunny,
Just pretended—'tis so funny;

I say: "'tis, sir!" "Bun" says: "no!"
Then she tells me: "that don't go,"
And her little puns bestow—
Black-eyed, roguish little Bunny.

Sweet to me is little Bunny.
Lose her friendship? not for money;
Happy, happy all the day
With her studies or at play—
I can only, only say:
Black-eyed, roguish little Bunny.

CHEROKEE BOB'S BATTLE.

HE fought the Indians long and well.
He conquered, but Dem-i-jon fell
From gallons three to less than one,
And then around that Dem-i-jon
A war of words both hot and strong
Ensued; 'twas said "this is all wrong;
Why are we in this way bereft?
There should have been more—water left
To slake our thirst—the fight is o'er
And we of Indians killed a score."

Said Bobbie: "'tis a shame, I know:
I don't see how it could be so.
Just as the fight was comming on
I took and hid that Dem-i-jon
And watched it closely through the fight.
I wanted it preserved all right;
And boys, I'll tell you on the square,
I did some awful fighting there.

"To keep these Injins back, I fit
That Dem-i-jon they tried to git;
But I staid with it all the while
And I tell you I killed a pile
Of Injins—I should say about
A hundred, without any doubt.
I didn't stop to take their har;
Why, boys, just see them layin' thar."

But no dead Indians there were seen
Where Bob's great fight had hardest been.
They searched the place some distance round,
But not a redskin dead was found.
Alas, alas, it was too true,
As all instinctively well knew;
Indians with whom Bob fought and won
All came from that old Dem-i-jon.

LITTLE RAY.

[Dedicated to Thomas F. and Hattie A. Durbin, on the death of their son, Raymond E. Durbin, aged six years and twenty days, whose death occurred October 9, 1888.]

WHERE the winds blow soft on the distant slope
And whisper of time and the fleeting years,
We laid him at rest as a faded hope
And jeweled his grave with our falling tears.

Our bright eyed darling—our little Ray;
Oh, why was he called from our arms so soon?
We asked when the sun went down that day
And the twilight shadows were coming on.

But in dreams that night, lo! an angel came,
And pausing he stood on the door-way sill;
With a gesture he spoke our loved one's name,
And said, as he glanced toward the distant hill:

"Weep not! weep not! for I took him home
As the Master wanted him by His side,
And he's waiting up there until you shall come;
Your own little Ray that you thought had died."

And we think now we see him—our little Ray,
And oft— so oft, while our darling waits,
He comes to the entrance each night and day
And beckons to us through the jasper gates.

MISS WYOMING TO UNCLE SAM.

TUNE—We are Coming Father Abraham, etc.

[Written by request, in anticipation of immediate statehood.

UNCLE SAMUEL, I'm coming—Miss Wyom-
is my name;
Though the youngest in your household, I am not
unknown to fame.
By the mountains and the foothills out in the bor-
der land,
Some twenty years ago, or more, you bade me
take my stand.
Yet faithful child and dutiful I've been—this is
my claim;
Uncle Samuel, I'm coming—Miss Wyoming is
my name.
Yet faithful child and dutiful I've been—this is
my claim;
Uncle samuel, I'm coming—Miss Wyoming is
my name.

I come not empty handed, for my wealth can
ne'er be told
Of flocks and herds and products, wealth of silver
and of gold.
I've the grandest constitution—woman's right to
vote is mine—
All these I bring and offer at the Union's cherished
shrine.

Yet the chaplet of my statehood I have sought—
who shall me blame?
Uncle Samuel, I'm coming—Miss Wyoming is
my name.
Yet the chaplet of my statehood I have sought—
who shall me blame?
Uncle Samuel, I'm coming—Miss Wyoming is
my name.

Should my older sisters peevish get and some-
times seem untrue,
To me 'twould make no difference, Uncle Sam—
I'll stick by you.
If faint and sick and weary when the cares of state
betide,
A vigil through the gloomy night I'll e'er keep by
your side.

Through sunshine and through sorrow I will ever be the same;
Uncle Samuel, I'm coming—Miss Wyoming is my name.
Through sunshine and through sorrow I will ever be the same;
Uncle Samuel, I'm coming—Miss Wyoming is my name.

I forget—'tis consummated; in the Union's sisterhood
I'm standing and have passed the gates where once outside I stood.
Carey, Baker, Struble led the way—revered their names shall be.
O christen me "The Vidette State," star number forty-three,
And ne'er shall you have cause to rue the day when first I came;
Sisters all extend a greeting—Miss Wyoming is my name.
And ne'er shall you have cause to rue the day when first I came—
Uncle Sam, give me your welcome—Miss Wyoming is my name.

To noble senators who fought and voted for my bill
I wish to say to one and all, I thank you with a will;
And to President Harrison: I truly say to you,
You are a worthy grandson of old-time Tippecanoe.

To flag nor to our country will I ever bring a shame--
Sisters all, I come to greet you—Miss Wyoming is my name.
To flag nor to our country will I ever bring a shame;
Uncle Sam, with you forever—Miss Wyoming is my name.

UNCLE JOHNNIE.

(John Eames.)

[Inscribed to the Pioneers of Wyoming.]

MARCH slowly to-day, each old pioneer,
As we follow the hearse to the hill;
The pale round-up foreman again was here,
For he's riding the ranges still;
And called away by the foreman grim,
A pioneer true and tried;
And one of our number has gone with him—
"Uncle Johnnie" has crossed the divide.

And a "dobie" that's fashioned by angel hands,
With a cottage and mansion too,
Where the palm trees wave and the Master stands
To welcome the good and true,
They gave Uncle Johnnie when he came home
Down the slopes of the further side;
And they opened the gates when they saw him come
To that city just o'er the divide.

ISLE SEVENTEEN.

[Read at a party given in honor of Miss Helen Furness on her seventeenth birthday:]

SLOWLY on Time's river breast are they borne,
The halcyon years of this life's early morn,
'Mid bloom efflorescent, enchanting and sweet,
Where beauty and youth in their gracefulness meet.

There's an isle in the midst of the river's blue tide
Where maidens entranced half reluctant abide—
For a season to bask in Elysian bowers—
To rival in beauty its radient flowers.

And there is a name that is known to the years,
Ere the maidens shall meet with life's smiling and tears,
Which I'll give to this isle with its foliage green:
And the name I'll give it is "Sweet Seventeen."

On this isle of the years, with its halo of light,
Our young friend is listlessly standing to-night;
And the charm and the grace of her presence and
smile
A new glory gives to this beautiful isle.

Unceasingly onward shall Time's river glide,
And its waters at last shall be merged with the
tide
Of the ocean that reaches the arbutus strand
And kisses the shore of the shadowless land.
May to her, as the tide of this river sweeps on,
Each isle be as beautious and fair as this one—
As radient with flowers and foliage green
As the isle reached to-day, christened "Sweet Sev-
enteen."

MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

AS I wander to-night in the moonlight pale
No rock in the desert I seem to see,
Yet I cannot lift up futurity's veil
And I cannot tell what is yet to be.

But visions and dreams of the trodden past
Unbidden are rising upon my sight,
And forms that have vanished are crowding fast
From the tomb of the buried years to-night.

I can see a cottage with open door
As it stood by the hillside long ago,
And around it still as in days of yore
The snow bells bloom and the sumachs grow.

I can hear the tones of a voice that's still,
And a mothers hand in my own I hold

As I cross in spirit the olden sill
At the open door as in days of old.

Ah, yes; and a brother—I meet him too—
In that quaint old cottage I see him there
With his sunny smile and his eyes of blue,
His rosy cheeks and his golden hair.

And out again through the woodland's maze,
'Neath the drooping cedars and spruce trees tall
We wander and list as in boyhood days
To the cuckoo's song and the robins call.

But those olden days full of peace and joy
With these two faces will come no more,
As when in the past I was yet a boy,
And saw them both at that open door.

For a boat came o'er with a boatman grim,
By the shore of the river he waved his hand,
And they both sailed over the surf with him
To the fadeless bloom of the summer land.

And a father too—I can see him now
Lingering there on the homestead old—
His step is feeble and on his brow
Are furrows that come from cares untold.

And the mem'ry still of a sweet child form
I saw in the years that have long since fled,
Is haunting me yet, while my heart grows warm,
And fain from the grave would I call the dead.

Yes, I wander to-night with abstracted glance
While the moonlight falls in a lambent ray,
And I hear the sounds of the brilliant dance
And roll of the music just o'er the way.

But I heed them not while wandering on
For I roam to-night on memory's lea,
And out of the years that are past and gone
These forms and faces come back to me.

I shall journey still where the bleak winds rave
Over the sands of a desert drear,
Till I see at last when I reach the wave
The boatman grim with his boat draw near.

And the winds that whisper a mournful dirge
For the vanished faces which come no more,
Shall waft me then o'er the foaming surge
To meet them again on the mystic shore.

NELLIE AT THE GATE.

THE day was cold—the wind was high,
O'ercast with clouds the autumn sky—
As slowly I, with spirits gay,
Rode o'er the rough uneven way
Which led me to that old estate
Where Nellie met me at the gate.

No nymph or houri e'er so fair—
With soul lit eyes and auburn hair,
As Nellie who with footsteps light
Came with a smile than morn more bright—
It warms my heart e'en to relate
How Nellie met me at the gate.

Ne'er had I seen or met e'er this
That fair enchanting lovely miss—
Though stranger in a distant land
She reached to me her little hand—

In mem'ry ever fixed the date
When Nellie met me at the gate.

Why say this world is dark and cold
Where beauty grace and worth untold
Are found; there's many a precious gem
We see if we but look for them,
And such I saw in regal state
When Nellie met me at the gate.

O, let the breath of winters sigh,
The winds blow cold as they go by;
Let wild blasts o'er the pra'rie sweep,
Yet fain would I a vigil keep;
Storms all unheeded I would wait
Till Nellie meets me at the gate.

GROVER AND FRANCES.

ONCE, in far-famed old Buffalo,
('Twas only a few years ago),
Dwelt Grover there, a lawyer staid,
Who had no reputation made
Beyond his own not o'er large place—
Which with the world keeps even pace—
Grover himself was slow to own
That he was equal to Blackstone.

Yet, in a quiet, plodding way
Grover worked on day after day;
Not num'rous were his clients then,
But they were all good paying men;
And Grover did what's fair to all
Who in those days gave him a call—
Were claims collected large or spare
His clients got—the biggest share.

In those calm days of which I write
Dwelt there a maiden sweet and bright;
Frances, or "Frankie" was her name—
The fairest girl, as all will claim,
That ever lived in Buffalo.

She then was but a school-girl there,
With beautious eyes and auburn hair;
And with her school mates by her side
Her books with ribbons deftly tied
Up in a package cute and small.
She day by day attended school,
This fairest girl in Buffalo.

Day after day, along the street
Where Grover had his law retreat,
Passed Frances by the open door
Of that law shop, where on the floor
Oft could be seen tobacco quids,
Law papers scattered with old duds,
And sometimes 'mid the general gloom
Lay Grover's shoes—if there was room.

Soon 'twas, as Frances oft passed by,
Her beauty rare caught Grover's eye;
And in some way that's unexplained
He of her name a knowledge gained,

And often at their school-time walk
The girls with fair Frances would talk,
And ask: "Who's that old fellow there
Who sits and smokes with quizzing stare;
He's impudent—the mean old thing;
Can't we him to his senses bring?"

Of this Frances expressed some doubt,
But saw no way to find it out.
Oft times they said, the girl to tease:
"He's smitten sure with you, Frances;
Just think of it, Frankie, will you?
We've heard that he is forty-two!
And you fourteen!" Replied no word
'Cept "Shut up, girls; why, how absurd!"

Time sped—with Grover plodding on
The same as he had always done—
Still past his door at morn of day
The fair Frances walked on her way.
In time a slight acquaintance sprung
From force of circumstances wrung;
And if Grover "good morning" said,
She slightly bowed her pretty head.

But I must haste—it will not do
To tell of all that passed to you.

Suffice to say, as now appears,
Grover became ere many years,
(In the correct sense of the word),
A friend; and e'en his heart was moved,
For from the first had Grover loved
The queenly girl; to him I'm sure
She partial felt, if nothing more—
Though now eighteen, he forty-six—
For age with love don't always mix.

Van Winkle like I take a sleep,
Not twenty years—yet still I keep
In mind what happened in the past.
Though time is flying here o'er fast
I close my eyes and shut the book,
And in the meantime take no look
Abroad to see the world move on,
And pay no heed to what is done.

I wake from out this semi-dream
And mingle with the rolling stream
Of life; and on its wave I speed
From West to East—though odd, indeed—
My travels bring me, ere they're done,
To our capital, Washington.

'Tis gay and gorgeous everywhere,
And with the throng that swaying there
Toward the White House I took my way—
For this was on reception day.
Senators, gov'nors in the throng
With office-seekers pushed along
Anxious to meet the President,
As some on schemes for place were bent.

I passed within the open door
And walked along the White House floor;
Within the "Blue Room" soon I stand
Close to the ruler of our land.
But see! behold! what meant all this?
For there stood Grover and Frances;
He president and she his bride,
There in the White House, side by side.

Transfixed there to the spot I stood—
A nation passed and bowed its head.
Grover now foremost in the land;
Frances, than whom the Divine hand
Ne'er fashioned one of truer worth
And sent that one to dwell on earth,
Were there, amid the loud acclaim
Which from this whole great nation came.

O! tell me not that love of power
Supremely rules and sways the hour.
What men may think or men have said
Cannot displace the mystic thread;
Grover and Frances side by side
In the White House as husband, bride,
First met in spirit years ago,
When on that street in Buffalo
Past Grover's oft wide open door,
At his law place with unswept floor
Frances passed by, and constant there
Saw Grover in his big arm chair,
Until a strong attachment grew
And ripened there between the two—
They loved at last—'twas only this
That wedded Grover and Frances.

MARION GRAY.

[The original production bearing the above title was composed for, inscribed to, and recited by Miss Bessie McMahon, (now Mrs. E. A. Carter, of Fort Washakie, Wyo.,) one of Cheyenne's brightest and fairest daughters, and used by her at the opera house on the occasion of the competitive recitations in the winter of 1886-87; but having been mislaid the author was compelled to improvise something to take its place. Marion Gray (as her name was understood to be) was a Confederate girl who prior to and during the war resided in the vicinity of the Bull Run battle ground, and the author feels that he ought to make some mention of her in this little volume, for the incident here alluded to is a true one, and had it not been for her the productions herein contained would probably never have been written:]

"CAN you ride to the slopes beyond the stream?
'Tis the enemy or I am in a dream,"
The captain said; "and tell me sure
Whether Moseby's men are over there."

He addressed his words to a soldier lad
In the uniform of the Northmen clad.
"Yes, yes; I'll go," was the quick reply,
"And find Old Moseby—at least I'll try."

He rode swift away, but all too soon
Found Mosby's men by the old Bull Run
And beat a retreat toward an open wood—
They fired, but ne'er was their aiming good.

Into the woods while the foe came on
He rode, but ere half a mile had gone
Two Confed'rate captains were met on the way,
And with them rode black-eyed Marion Gray.

Complete surprise—in that sudden rush—
They met in a clump of underbrush;
A pistol aimed direct at his head
Is fired—but the fugitive is not dead.

It was just in time that Marion Gray
With her own hand turned the shot away.
At risk of her life she caught the arm
Raised there to inflict the fatal harm.

In a moment the Union scout was gone,
For pursuers had still been riding on;

He escaped, and pointed his captain where
He could find Old Moseby "just over there."

There on that hill where the soldier rode
Was in war time Marion Gray's abode;
But in exile at last from war's hot breath
She fled farther south, where she sank in death.

When the war was o'er—'twas her last request—
They brought her back; she was laid at rest
There on the hill by her childhood home
To sleep 'til the morning of life shall come.

And in visions and dreams there's a horseman still
Who sometimes rides on that far off hill—
Should he ever be met on his listless way
'Twill be by the grave of Marion Gray.

THE CHILDREN.

O TAKE the children to your heart—
These little ones who play their part
In giving to this life its bright,
Enduring ray of summer light.

As sunbeams come with morn of day
And drive the mist and clouds away,
So come the children sweet and fair
To scatter blessings everywhere.

And while the old with wasted years
Are but His own unwilling tears
Which tend but to enrich the sod,
Yet children are the *smiles* of God.

THE CHEYENNE SUN.

IT shines on river, hill and plain—
Its rays extend e'en to the main;
And in the ways of justice, truth—
The paths that lead to solid worth—
'Twill ever the whole column lead
And hope inspire when hope is dead.

It has a mission to fulfill,
And principles to e'er instill
Into the oft unwilling mind
Of people; and to look and find
The best way to do this or that,
Or learn what men are driving at—
This is a work that's being done
Faithfully by THE CHEYENNE SUN.

BABY TOWSE.

TO see sweet, handsome Baby Towse
I called at the parental house.
Said I: "Dear little one, with you
I called to have an interview."

WHAT BABY SAID.

I'm dest a 'ittle baby,
And pitty tute, you know.
Lez ze, wat ist a tal! me—
W'y, 'ittle Baby "Flo."

Tha say I'se dest as petty
As ever I tan be.
Pa sez in all 'e sitty
Ain't a baby 'ike as me.
He 'inks I 'ook 'ike 'im, he sez,
But I dess I no w'y;
'Tis dest tos I am pitty is
He 'inks he 'ooks 'ike I.

TWO LITTLE BOYS.

GLOVER CARROLL.

GLOVER CARROLL, a fine young boy—
His father's pride, his mother's joy—
Is here, and sheds a beam of light
In the little home that e'er was bright;
While John F. Carroll, the father, says
People will have to mend their ways—
"Don't call me Johnnie; for, mind you, sir,
I'm Father Carroll, the editor."

LITTLE MARK CHAPMAN.

LITTLE MARK oftimes will come
And visit me in my court-room.
He asks if soon, or if not, when
There's going to be with me "much men;"
And if answered "But few to-day,"
He's happy and we chat away—
We have what might be termed a "lark,"
Me and my "partner," Little Mark.

CUSTER AND THE THREE HUNDRED.

GALLANTLY, gallantly rode the Three Hundred
That day on the trail of the treacherous foe;
Far o'er the wide plain their swift tramping thundered
And their carbines gleamed bright in the morning sun's glow.

Caring they naught for the red man's ambuscade,
Forward they swept to the shrill bugle's sign;
Custer to lead them and each trooper undismayed,
On toward the foe went the grim battle line.

Onward, like clouds by the hurricane sundered
When it darkens and shadows the horizon's bar,
Gallantly, gallantly rode the three hundred—
Out through the air broke their ringing huzzah.

See! they are nearing the haunts of the enemy;
Clamoring, thundering onward and grand
Ride the Three Hundred with brave Custer, gallantly
Down on the foes of the wide Border Land.

Smitten, the front of the red devil foemen
Now cowers and shrinks from their terrible dash—
Galloping onward and shouting like madmen,
Right over great groups of the warriors they crash.

But the hosts of the enemy gather to battle
And fierce are the blows that are given and sent.
O! list to the yells and the musketry's rattle—
For demons their rage to the conflict have lent.

Bravely they battle—that noble Three Hundred—
Nor falter nor shrink from the terrible fray.
Little they care whether sombody blundered—
'Tis vict'ry or death shall the penalty pay.

Now by the hosts of the red men enshrouded
The gallant Three Hundred are battling for life;
No arm to the rescue, nor succor afforded
As victims they fall to the bullet and knife.

"Strike on, my brave boys!" cries the voice of their leader;
"Strike the red demons! be brave in the fight!
Though we fall in this far distant land of the border
Our *names* shall survive us, unclouded and bright."

Rallied again at the voice of their leader
'Mid the shrieks of the foemen so piercing and shrill,
They strike—but alas falls the brave, Gallant Custer—
The voice of the hero forever is still.

Angels in Heaven the curtain drop downward
And hide from our vision the tragical end;
No more shall the gallant Three Hundred ride onward
For death to each hero its arrow shall send.

Fainter the sounds and the musketry's murmur,
Like the dash of the waves on a surf beaten shore—
Mingled in death lie the horseman and charger—
The last one has fallen, the battle is o'er.

O, glory and fame at the Pass of Thermopylæ,
Or where the "Six Hundred" rode onward in vain,

Thy unfading chaplet was purchased, and valiently—
Honor, both monuments raised to the slain.

Still grander the deeds of the noble Three Hundred
Who rode that day onward so bravely and well;
Who fell where the roar of the battle storm thundered
And died on the field where the brave Custer fell.

Back from the field that was crimson and battle-lit
Rides there no horseman, nor trooper or knight.
Sound not the bugle, they never shall hear it;
This is their last sleep, ne'er again shall they fight.

Brave, gallant "Old Seventh," long tried and heroic;
How shattered your ranks that have stood on the field
In fame's broad arena, immortal, historic,
Our country and flag from rebellion to shield.

Survivors! you fain would have rode to the rescue,
That gallant Three Hundred to succor and save,

Though death's trying wave might enshroud and roll o'er you—
Though *all* might have slept in the gloom of the grave.

To her who in sadness shall weep for the hero
And mourns the companion who comes not again:
To-day and with you does the whole nation sorrow
And weep o'er the fate of the brave Custer slain.

He dies—but 'tis rest while the bleak winds are raving
Here on the lea with its willows and sands—
Unbroken the peace where the waters are laving
The bright river shores in the Orient lands.

Ye slumbering martyrs, sleep! Sleep on forever!
The sweep of the winds shall your requiem sigh.
Forgotten by us be the story? No, never!
The record shall live though the hero may die.

Yet oft in our dreams we a phantom Three Hundred
Can see on the shore that is over the tide;
And there and as when the loud battle storm thundered,
Right onward, still onward, forever to ride.

A NEW YEAR'S VISION.

I FOLLOWED the hearse of "Eighty-three"
To the vale where dashes the stream of Time,
Down to the shore of the waveless sea
That lies between us and the sunny clime.

Its corroded casket was laid away
In God's receptacle—slumbering past—
To come no more for a single day,
Faded and dead and gone at last.

I journeyed back on its beaten trail
In visions that rose on my troubled view,
While wandering on through the willowed vale
Where the withered flowers of hope once grew.

Deserted homesteads and ruined shrines—
Ruined by Time's relentless hand—
Were there, and its progress was marked by lines
In its stately march to the far off land.

And scattered along in its pathway wide
Were the graves of victims to man's untruth;
The friend, the companion, the fair young bride,
The tottering old and the blooming youth.

And the tomb of the mother with silvered hair,
Who wept o'er the fate of her wayward boy
'Til the grim, pale harvester met her there,
Whispering, "Rest," which the saints enjoy.

And a desolate mound by the path I see
Where no roses bloom and no willows wave;
He fell in the simoon of Eighty-three—
This neglected spot is the drunkard's grave.

In the march of the year now past and gone
Millions I saw that had gone before,
Gathered to mystery one by one
To mingle with us on this earth no more.

The hopes that were bright in the times gone by
Lay scattered around by a pois'nous breath
That darkened the light of a sunny sky,
And to mem'ry naught but a living death.

But peaceful pictures of prosp'rous days
And the glad fruition of hopes fulfilled,

Lighted the gloom with a cheerful blaze
And the sombre cloud wore a golden gild.

I stand by the cradle of Eighty-four,
The cradle that just begins to rock,
And look far away from this twilight shore
And list to the ticking of Time's old clock.

And I see on its-storm beat dial plate
The fingers of Time as they slowly move
Toward eternity's silent, unventured gate,
Circling past each section, groove.

And a murmuring sound falls on my ear
While a numberless throng goes surging by,
Beginning the march of the coming year,
The curtained future again to try.

The young look forward, the old look back,
While they silently pass as in review;
Leaving behind the well-worn track,
They pass from the old to the untried new.

Though flowers shall bloom by the path of some,
Yet many shall falter to march no more,
And gather to rest in their final home
In Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-four.

ERRATA.

Page 139, in the second line of the third verse, read "while then" instead of "when these," and the word "when" in third line of same verse should be omitted.

On page 186 read "Sanders" instead of "Sauchers."

On page 213 in tenth line from top of page read "Moshier" instead of "Mosbrier."

Other errors exist for which the author assumes all the blame.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 785 546 3